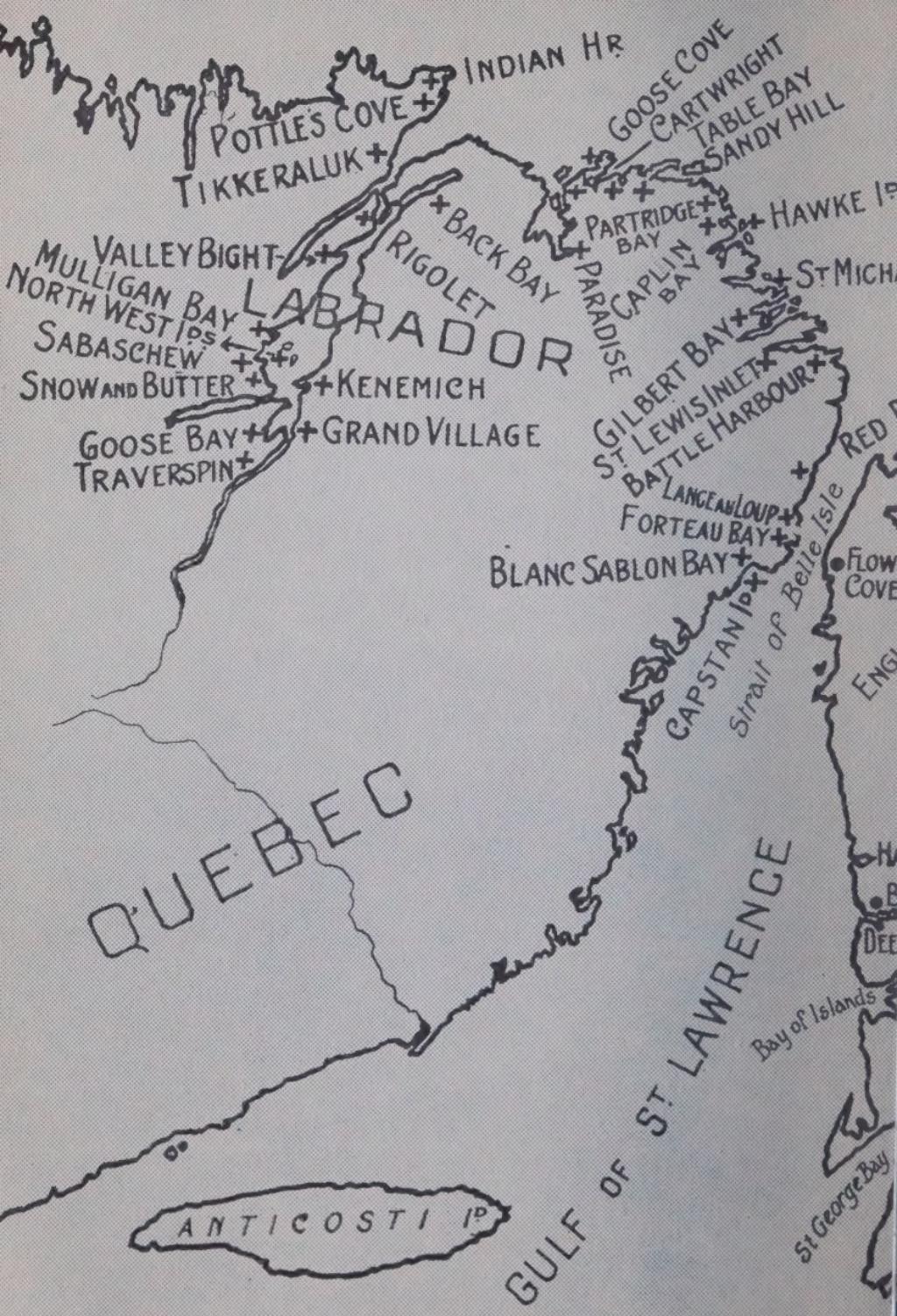


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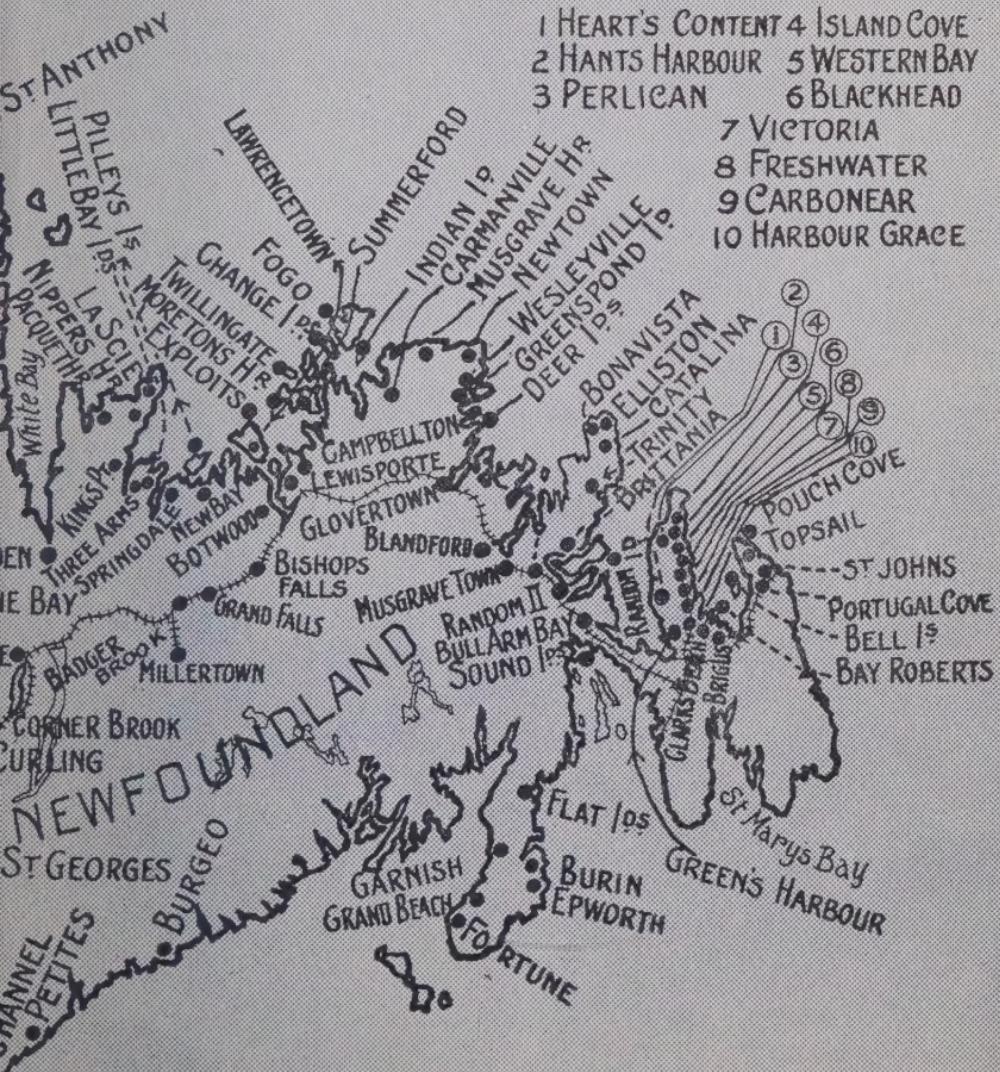


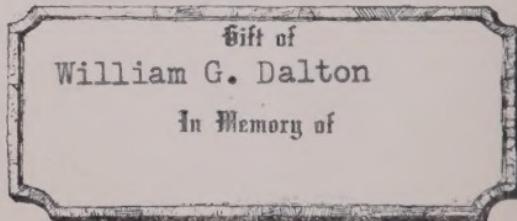
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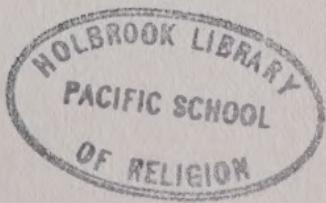
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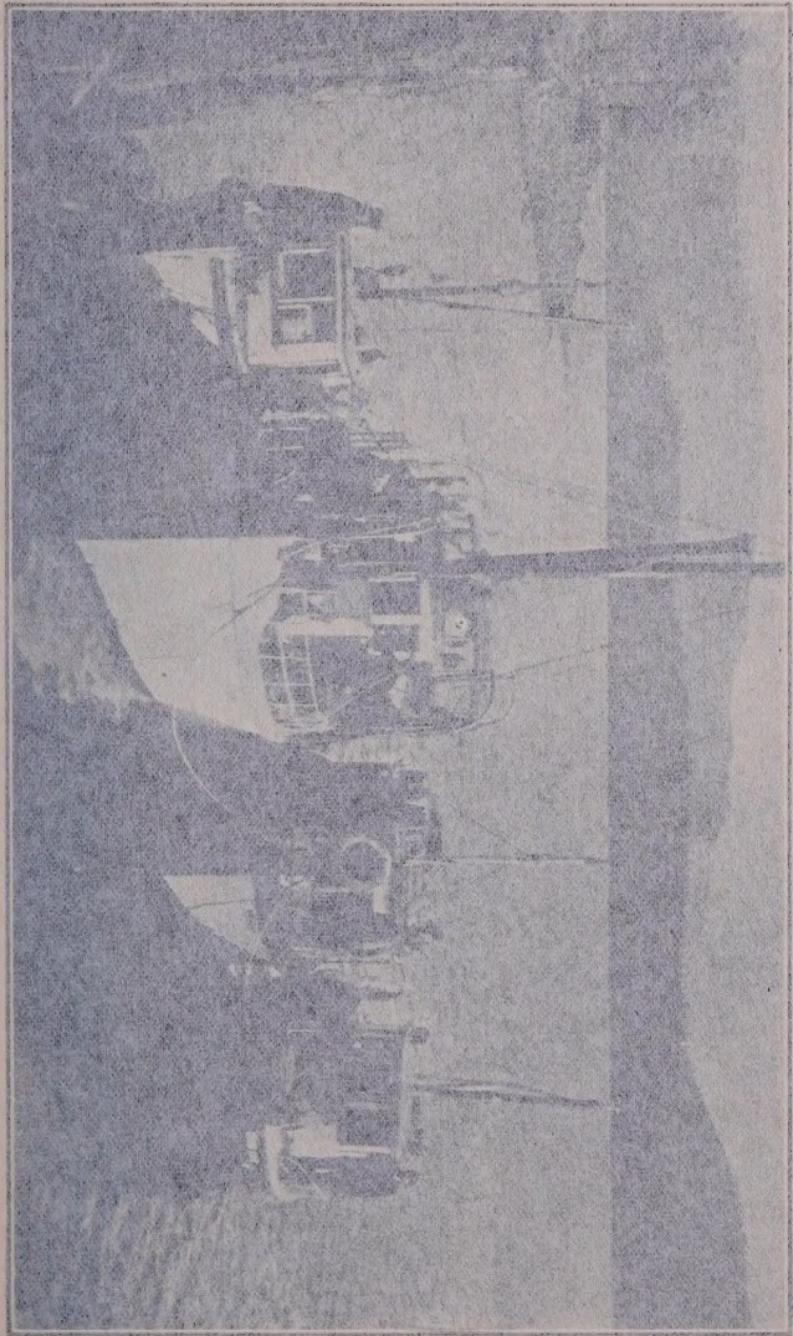




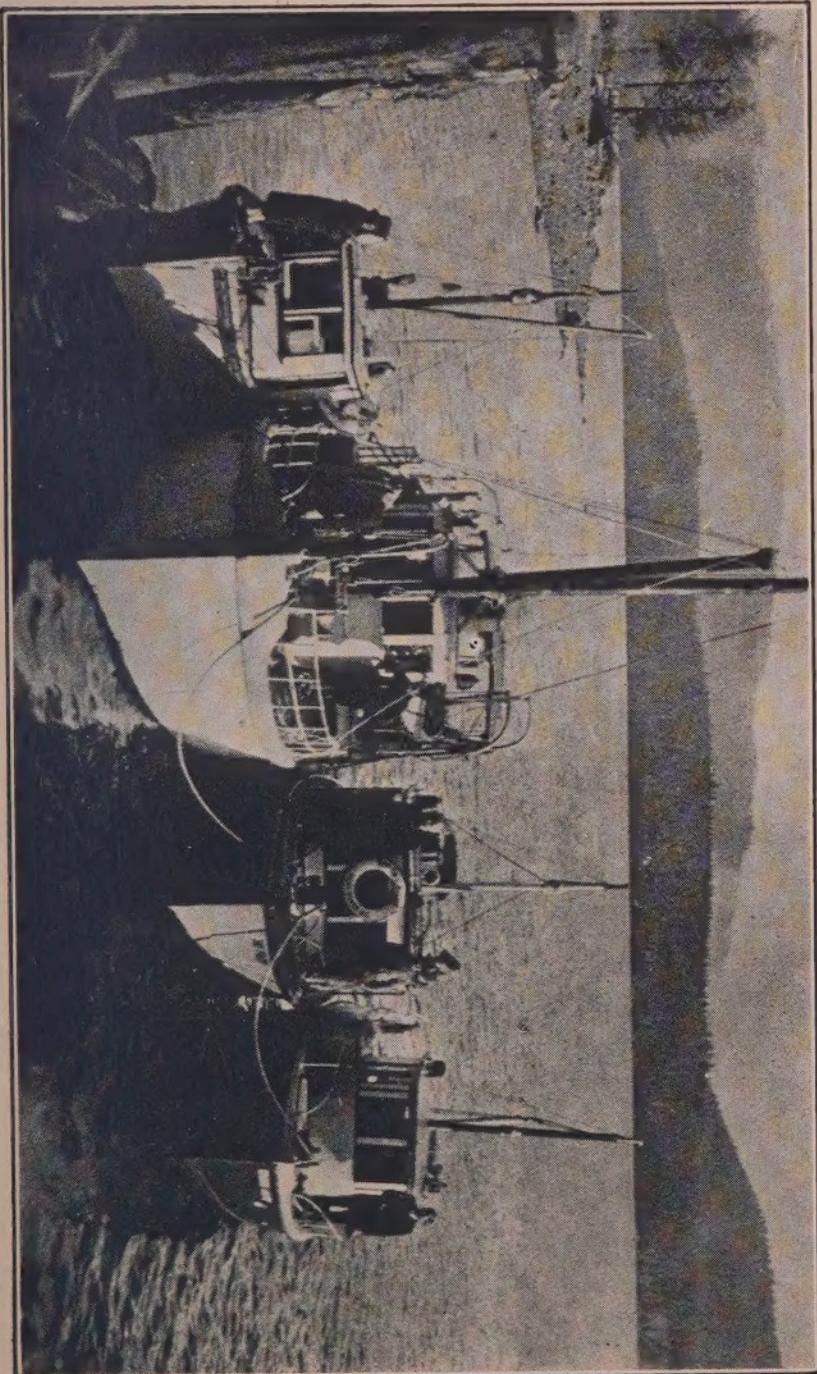
IN GREAT WATERS

Wm. G. Halton
St. Andrews College
Saskatoon.





OUR UNITED CHURCH NAVY GATHERS FOR CONFERENCE
The "William Oliver," "Thomas Crosby" "Sky Pilot" and "Edward White"



OUR UNITED CHURCH NAVY GATHERS FOR CONFERENCE

The "William Oliver," "Thomas Crosby" "Sky Pilot" and "Edward White"

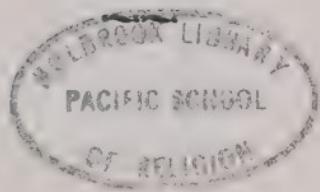
IN GREAT WATERS

THE STORY OF THE UNITED
CHURCH MARINE
MISSIONS

By

GEORGE C. F. PRINGLE

*Mission Boat "Sky Pilot," Home Port,
Vananda, B.C.*



ISSUED FOR THE BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS OF THE
UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA, BY THE COMMITTEE
ON LITERATURE, GENERAL PUBLICITY AND MISSION-
ARY EDUCATION OF THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

F. C. STEPHENSON,
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INTRODUCTION

More and more the Church is coming to appreciate the part played in the far-flung places of Canada, by her pioneer missionaries, as real nation-builders.

From the pulpit and through the various publications of The United Church, deserved publicity has been given to the work carried on by men in the mining camps and on the prairies. A phase of Home Mission work less known is the service rendered on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. The whole story is fraught with romance, with notable examples of heroism and self-sacrifice.

In producing their book, "In Great Waters," Rev. George C. F. Pringle, B.A., and his co-writers have made a rich contribution to the Church's missionary literature. The book is of historic value and interest, and should go far toward enlightening the public in regard to a noble Christian endeavour, the manner of men who are engaged in it, its worth to the Church and country, and the necessity of its furtherance and continuance.

It is indeed fitting that "In Great Waters" should be edited, and in the main written, by Mr. Pringle. Home Mission work in Canada has many revered names, and among the foremost are those of the Pringle brothers, John and George. The author of this book is the younger of this famous missionary team. Like his brother, he ministered during many strenuous years in the Yukon, and the

following tribute from a Klondike miner speaks for itself:

"The Rev. George Pringle is a rattling good man . . . welcome everywhere . . . winter or summer . . . He is always where needed the most . . . the right man in the right place every time."

In 1910, after eleven years on the trail, George Pringle returned from the Yukon to British Columbia, where he ministered with signal success up to the time of his going overseas with the Canadian Cameron Highlanders, 43rd Battalion. In France, England, and on transport ship, he served to the war's conclusion as an efficient and popular padre. He remained in the Old Land until 1920, attending New College, Edinburgh, and assisting at St. George's United Free Church. He was then persuaded to return to Canada to rehabilitate a section of the Loggers' Mission on the Pacific Coast. With this arduous and sacrificial work he has been connected ever since.

A scholar, an Honour Graduate in Arts of Toronto University, a Graduate in Theology of Queen's, Kingston, a hard worker, a great enthusiast and a born missionary—Rev. George Pringle is a most worthy representative of the United Church of Canada.

A section dealing with the Marine Work on the Atlantic Coast has been added by Rev. Dr. W. T. Gunn, and will be found no less interesting.

J. H. EDMISON.

FOREWORD

This book, which the Home Mission Board of the United Church of Canada has requested me to write, could not have been compiled without the co-operation of others. It has been put together at odd moments, early and late, during busy days on this mission, many of them being spent away from home. Most of my data have been collected by mail, supplemented by a very happy unofficial four-day conference at Alert Bay in April, 1927. The other marine missionaries, past and present, have forwarded my plans heartily and generously. Good material has also been supplied by Rev. Drs. J. H. White, O. Darwin, G. A. Wilson, Rev. Angus Cameron, and Rev. J. L. Miller. I deeply appreciate the courtesy these friends have thus extended to me.

Historical articles in that admirable book, "A Commemorative Review of the Churches," edited by Rev. E. A. Davis and published by Mr. Joseph Lee, Vancouver, have been valuable guides to me, especially those by C. M. Tate and W. H. Barracough.

A wonderfully interesting volume entitled, "Up and Down the North Pacific Coast," written by that noble pioneer missionary, the sainted Dr. Thomas Crosby, has been my chief authority on early missionary efforts among the Indians. It is delightful reading, filled with tales of wide human interest, and of genuine historic value. It could not fail to inspire to high ideals and heroic, Christ-like deeds.

It is not my purpose to speak in detail of the excellent medical service that has been built up in connection with the missions on this coast. Its most honoured names are those of Drs. A. E. Bolton, R. W. Large, and H. C. Wrinch. Their vision, steadfastness, and professional skill, with the Christian inspiration, are almost wholly responsible for this splendid work. The Methodist Church has had for years three fully-equipped hospitals on the northern shores of this province, namely, Port Simpson, Bella Bella, and Hazelton, with two summer hospitals during the fishing season at Essington and Rivers Inlet. The very first hospital of any kind on the North Pacific coast, between Vancouver and the Arctic, was erected in 1871 (fifty-six years ago!), at the Indian village of Kincolith on the Naas river. It was built by Dr. Tomlinson, a medical missionary of great faith and Christian fortitude, who had been sent out from England by the C.M.S. The nearest white settlement was 600 miles distant. The hospital was, of course, very primitive and does not now exist, but while it functioned it must have been a wonderful blessing to the Indian tribes and occasional white man in those long-ago days. Dr. Tomlinson is dead. His widow lives with her son, who is a lay worker in the United Church at Hazelton. It was in 1889, thirty-eight years ago, that Dr. Bolton first took up his work at Fort (now Port) Simpson. He was the only doctor within a radius of 500 miles. He built a hospital there in 1892. It is interesting to note that my brother, Rev. Dr. John Pringle, origin-

ated the frontier hospital work in Canada for the Presbyterian Church, six years later, also in British Columbia, by building the little Atlin hospital in the days of the Yukon gold stampede. In 1895 Dr. Bolton built another at Port Essington, with a branch in 1897 at Rivers Inlet, given over in 1898 to Dr. Large. In 1900 Dr. Wrinch erected the first unit of the very fine institution over which he now presides at Hazelton. Someone (say Dr. Wrinch) should write the full story of these hospitals. It is an enticing subject, filled with the romance of pioneer Christian service in the outermost bounds of the wilds of North America.

I shall not try to describe our Indian schools at Ahousat, Alberni, and Ucluelet, established by the former Presbyterian Church. Hospitals and Indian missions, although sometimes forming part of the regular duties of our marine men, will be outlined only where that is necessary to get the right perspective in my story of the Marine Mission.

I have not attempted to touch our marine work on the Atlantic coast. My description has been narrowed down, apart from historical material, to the work of five larger boats on the Pacific ocean. If I were to venture to tell of all the little boats, used to-day and in past days, on lake and river and sheltered bay, east and west and north, to carry our missionaries on their rounds, my task would be unending.

The maps reproduced in this book are necessarily imperfect. They give only a poor idea of the



PIONEER DAYS—CARRYING THE GOSPEL TO THE INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.—CROSBY'S CANOE

CHAPTER I

The Land and the People

The Wonderland of the Pacific Coast. This is the Wonderland of the Pacific Coast. West of the Rockies, down through the Coast Range to salt water, then north by west out of the city of Vancouver through coastal tide-waters for six hundred straight miles, and if you have time to follow the coast-line of mainland and islands, five thousand crooked ones, you will view the noblest panorama of Nature, in which sea, islands, and mountains are intermingled, that can be found anywhere in the world. I grant you there may be prettier, daintier scenes, or those with more startling colours and brilliant effects, but here you have a lavishness in extent, an endlessness in variety of ocean and mountain scenery, quiet inlets and angry storm-white reefs, glacier-capped summits and heavily-wooded valleys, that make altogether a combination unsurpassed and, I think, unequalled anywhere else on earth.

It is more imposing than the fiords of Norway, nor has the far-famed Inland Sea of Japan anything more lovely. In these waters you are doing mountain climbing by steamboat, for the ocean has inundated a series of colossal ranges. You can sail for days through winding channels, broad and narrow, and among cloud-topped peaks that make your boat look like a child's toy. Sometimes the trees, giant

trees, come right down to the water's edge on easy-sloping mountain-sides, or you travel in water dotted with little icebergs and between mile-high, bare, precipitous cliffs, streaked with the white foam of many tumbling cascades rushing down from green glaciers. At times you will feel, as on the west coast of Vancouver Island, or in Queen Charlotte Sound, the full and terrible power of a tempest on the Pacific. Then slipping away from the fury of the wind you will, in an hour or two, enter protected waters that are as still as a pond. One evening you will wonder perhaps that the captain of your big four-thousand-ton steamboat ties up and waits for the slack rather than face a contrary tide in some narrow strait. You will not wonder when you see and hear the wild tidal stream, immensely deep, crazily roaring its way, crossed with mad, travelling whirlpools of enormous strength, through the tortuous passage. When the call of the forces of the universe is temporarily satisfied the waters are balanced and the quiet of slack-water prevails for a few minutes. Then the madness comes on again and they flood back wildly whence they came. If the steamboats wisely fear these tidal ways, you can imagine with what care the skipper of the little launch will study his tide-book. If once you are caught in the lunatic arms of the Yucultas, the Seymours, or the Skookumchuck, running strong in high tide, you will definitely decide never to let it happen again.

But those of you who only take your pleasant,

summer, ten-day steamer trip through these apparently safe waters will have no notion of the dangers constantly faced in bad weather, during weeks of dense fog, in snowstorms and darkness, in times of fierce gales. You will feel safe because you are within sight of land, when it is really the lack of sea-room that develops the chief dangers. Put a mariner, who has handled only trans-Pacific liners, on a regular day-and-night run in charge of a coast steamboat through these dangerous channels in the fog season, and in a month, unless he were extremely lucky or extremely wise, he would have wrecked his boat, thrown up his job, or lost his mind. The worst marine disaster on the Pacific coast occurred in one of these "inside" channels when the fine passenger steamboat, *Princess Sophia*, ran on a reef in a blinding snowstorm and was lost with all on board. The wreck of the *Islander* was nearly as bad. The three hundred miles of rugged coast open to the full force of the Pacific storms on the west shore of Vancouver Island, where the Presbyterian missionary Swartout lost his life by drowning, has wrecked many a fine ship, and hundreds of men have thus come to their death. Sailors call it the "Graveyard of the Pacific." It is there C. E. Motte, our missionary of the former Presbyterian Church, now plies back and forth on his perilous ways with his little 36-foot boat the *Broadcaster*. Around the Queen Charlotte Islands, north of Vancouver Island, there is another very treacherous stretch of sea. This district is under the care of R. C. Scott and Captain William

Oliver. They travel about on the *Thomas Crosby*, 54 feet long, 13-foot beam and well engined, the largest, strongest boat of this Marine Mission. The seagoing qualities of the boat, and the men too, are often tested to the utmost. Of all our mission boats and men, of to-day and past days, it can be said that many times, unrecorded save vividly in the memory of the missionary, has it seemed that God's good providence alone brought them back from the threat of a watery grave. I have been through the War, but some of my experiences, afloat and ashore, in storm and fog, along this coast, tried me as much, as far as the strain on my nerves was concerned, as those wretched days in front of Lens and Paschendaele.

What I have written will serve to give you some idea of the territory through which your missionaries travel; the charm and infinite variety of it, the reach of its thousands of miles of mainland coast-line and island shores, the loveliness of its placid moods, and the mighty, destructive power of its storms, its reefs, its fogs, and its tides.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men. But missionaries do not go a-seeking scenery or adventure. These are only incidental to their search for people to whom they can minister in the Master's name. And we find them here with much the same needs of body and soul that other people have. But there are some features peculiar to the population of this field.

One of these is a mixture of races, in numbers and variety, such as, I believe, is not found in any other mission field in Canada. We have Indians of various tribes, on reservations when they are not away working in camp or cannery. There are the Tsimpsheans, Tlingits, Nishgahs, Haidas, and others. Sixty years ago Rev. Thomas Crosby found them living in gross heathenism. Only one missionary of any Church had come among them, Mr. Duncan of Metlakahtla, an unordained lay missionary of the Anglican C.M.S., and his work was confined to one tribe. Then there are Orientals in large numbers, East Indians, Japanese, and Chinese. You find them on fishing boats, in canneries, and in camps, hundreds of them. They constitute a separate and difficult field for service. Then, too, we have all the white races of the world represented among the others. There are a number of Finn groups resident here. One settlement is so opposed to the Church that they won't allow the missionary to use any building for service. On the other hand, there is a Ukrainian district at Lang Bay where the missionary gets the kindest welcome of any people he visits. In the logging camps you hear all the languages of Europe. There are many hundreds of men there who are just out of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Finland, and hundreds more from different parts of interior Europe.

Besides this unique complex of races there is an unusual isolation. The people live in tiny settle-

ments, or in groups of ten to twenty families, or very frequently in separate families on lonely isolated bush farms; or groups of men gather in logging camps in far-off mountain valleys. Fishermen, from far and near, live the most of their time on their little launches, following the fish or fishing near the canneries situated handy to good fishing grounds. Homes are rarely farther than eight miles from the shore. Behind them, and crowding them into the sea, is the vast, almost impenetrable wilderness of the Coast Range, where wander only the cougar, wolf, bear, and other wild animals of the mountains. In front lies the ocean and around them on all sides gathers the gloom and menace of the big timber. Especially do the efforts of the homesteaders appeal to me. Patiently trying to solve the problems of the pioneer farmer they strenuously hew for themselves a home in the colossal jungle of a British Columbia forest. Their efforts seem little short of heroic. The physical strain is enormous and continuous. It takes a lifetime to get a poor score or so of acres cleared, and in the long years these men and women are away from the companionship of all but a few other people, and lack many of those common helps, comforts, and pleasures that would seem almost essential to an endurable life. Their families are reared usually without doctor or nurse within reach, geographically or financially, at the birth of the children or in any emergency of sickness or accident. From Vancouver to the Alaskan

Boundary there are hundreds of just such lonely families.

The men in canneries and logging camps present, in many respects, a peculiar problem in service. It is difficult to establish regular "machinery" to serve them. The personal factor counts for so much, religions and languages are so varied, and the men move about so continuously from camp to camp all over the province and to and from the prairies, that it seems impossible to do permanent organizing among them. There are probably over 6,000 men engaged in logging, directly tributary to tide-water, in this whole district. Of late years, here and there along the coast, large permanent camps have grown up around mine or pulp mill, as at Powell River with its 5,000 people, Ocean Falls, or Port Alice. But when a place grows large and seems permanent it goes out of the Marine Mission and is given its own missionary or minister. This is one reason why this mission will probably never be anywhere near self-supporting and will always need generous aid from Church funds.

So our marine missionaries must ever be ministering to lonely people, holding up the Christ in word and daily life to a procession of men passing through the camps, to white, and yellow, and brown folk, proclaiming the message by act and voice in bunk-house, cook-house, fishing boat, hotel, lonely shack and in the open. My heart goes out to the homeless men in the camps, wanderers many of them;

no one shepherds them apart from money-making purposes. I wonder what will become of them all. Many of them have lived lives of amazing interest and have had thrilling experiences. I could tell you a hundred interesting stories of men I have met here, my superiors in intellect and character, striking personalities, splendid fellows.

These varying groups are all "our people." Some are opposed to the Church or ignorant of what the Church stands for. Many of them are sincere and intelligent believers, representing, in their Church preferences, all the sects of Christendom. Mostly they are remarkably well informed on public affairs and questions of world wide interest. Also they are very evidently given to thinking things out for themselves. Let me tell you an incident showing the type of men we often meet along these shores. Once we were forced to lie all morning at anchor in Squitty Bay. It was blowing too hard outside. Two ranchers, named Mason and Millicheap, rowed over to visit us. Among other subjects our talk turned to books and writers. Millicheap is well educated and widely-travelled. Here is a précis of the ideas he expressed that morning. "He wondered if the human mind had reached its best dimensions in thought, that all it could do now was to fill out and elaborate the content. We look back, he said, for the choicest in literature. The great lights are far behind us. Shakespeare, of course, is pre-eminent. Personally he would dare to place George Borrow and his *Lavengro* first in prose. He

considered that Dickens surpassed in popular appeal. Maeterlinck and Ibsen had a message for their own time. Nietzsche clears away the fog of the great, laboured thinking of Immanuel Kant, but at the same time steals the sweetness from life and leaves vinegar in its place. Spencer is the finest and most wide-visioned mind in philosophy but lacks Kant's depth. Bernard Shaw was brilliant, like a dazzling flare that brings out surrounding things with startling clearness. Shaw and Wells play their game magnificently, but it is anybody's game of exposing and ridiculing mistakes. With flourish of banner and stirring note of trumpet, Shaw marches the cripples of humanity past us in procession, and as they hobble along he uncovers their blemishes, and laughs delightfully at the crooked forms and ugliness of our heroes. It is rare fun, but, when stripped of all its scintillating genius, isn't it only making sport of cripples? A mean game, he thought, say what we will in its favour, even though we enjoy it and often practise it in our own lives. Shaw, in *St. Joan*, his best work, is happily changing his habit of ridicule. In this play he shows a tenderness towards stumbling humanity, a sympathy with faltering faith, that makes him appeal not only to the intellect, but also to the heart of his readers. The jester is giving place to the prophet and a welcome kindness and humility is evident in his later writings. Wells does try to be constructive, but it is in a wild and smashing way that takes little account of the real, slow-working laws of permanent

progressive growth in social development. Sometimes he discards the old simply because it is old. He wants to be always forcing civilization to take short-cuts to betterment. He has championed a dozen different short-cuts. All are more or less discarded except the one that happens to be his latest fancy. Scott he liked until he read Borrow's description of him. Now he couldn't read him."

Well, that is just an attempt to summarize that bush-rancher's conversation from notes I made at the time. It is not given to get you to agree with his critique, but to help kill that idea you may have that "anybody" will do to preach to our pioneers. There are always some in these little settlements who are quite able to appreciate fully the best our brainiest men can give them in sermon and conversation. Very often the home missionary instead of preaching will, if he has good sense, find himself listening and learning.

A peculiarity about this mission is the fact that to state that you are a preacher counts very little in your favor in getting acquainted, often indeed it counts against you. There is no place here for a preacher who is a bigot, a Pharisee, a formalist, or uneducated. The travelling "Holy Willies," illiterate and impertinent, who come around every year or so to save the "sinful logger" with a "bite-or-be-damned" creed, usually have deservedly rough going. Once, however, you are accepted as genuine, and you display a reasonable amount of tact, courtesy, and charity, the way to their good will is

comparatively easy, provided your own heart is right and you really have a worth-while contribution to make to their lives, lives that are filled with little else than hard work. The steamboat, the gas-boat, the telegraph, the phonograph and, recently the radio, have been relieving their isolation, but still they are often almost entirely dependent on the rare visits of one of our half dozen missionaries, patrolling this immense territory, for help to a wider outlook on life, a word of cheer, a book to read, a song to sing, some other talk than timber, fish, and gas-boats, and the hearing again, or for the first time, that sweet old story in which commercial standards and material values are ignored and the things which are invisible and eternal are disclosed and uplifted. Anything we missionaries can do with voice and pen, with boat and hands and feet, by influence and example, with money, brain, or heart, honourably in the name of Christ, to smooth their road, guide their thoughts, ease their burdens, or cheer their hearts, these things we must strive to do or prove false to our Master.

CHAPTER II

Our Sky Pilots and Their Boats

Up North with the *Thomas Crosby*. We have talked about the land and the people. Now let us say something about our men and their boats.

Farthest up coast, north of Vancouver Island, is Rev. R. C. Scott, B.A., commonly called "Bob" Scott. He knocks about on the *Thomas Crosby*. He has headquarters at Queen Charlotte village and works around Graham, Moresby, and other Queen Charlotte Islands, through one of the meanest stretches of water on the coast. He visits settlers and camps wherever he finds them and in the fishing season takes on an additional fifty or more canneries. Besides all this he is responsible for a good share of the Indian work. Scott has been on the work for ten years, first at Cape Mudge and now in this northern section. We have no missionary more acceptable to those he serves than Scott. He is a fine singer and musician and his wife is even better. When Mr. and Mrs. Scott "blow into camp," even the spell of the poker game is broken, and the bunk houses empty into the cookhouse to hear the missionaries and his wife sing, and a little preaching goes all right along with the singing. But the missionaries' singing is often the very best kind of preaching. The hymns carry the joyous old message to hearts which the spoken word might not reach. After



ON BOARD THE "THOMAS CROSBY"

From Right to Left—Capt. Oliver, Mrs. Freeman, Dr. Darwin, Capt. Scott,
Capt. Colwell, B. C. Freeman and his son and friend.



THE "THOMAS CROSBY"



CONGREGATION OF FISHERFOLK REACHED BY THE
"BROADCASTER"



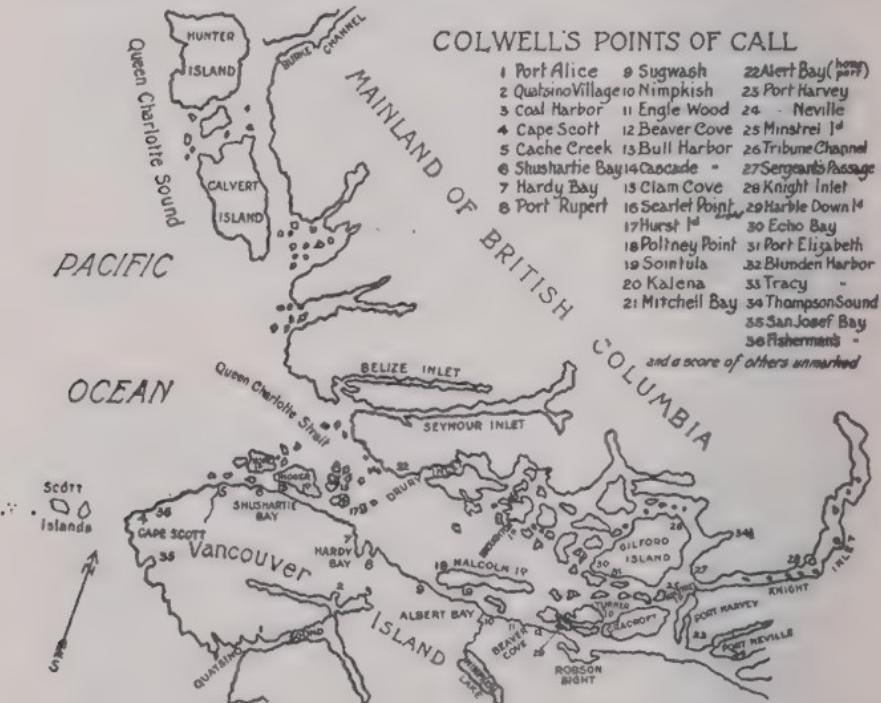
THE "BROADCASTER"

hearing such singing an up-coast man said to me, "If I ever get converted it will be by singing, not preaching." On suitable occasions the men will be treated to a musical evening of vocal solos and duets with instrumental music on the guitar or little folding organ. There will be love songs, humorous songs, and songs of other days and home. If it only helps to give these lonely fellows a happy evening surely that in itself is Christian service; and then who knows what hearts are touched, what purifying memories are awakened, what arguments are answered by these kindly offices, outside the conventional categories of ministerial services, done for men who are hungry for the wholesome thing you give them? I would speak further of Scott's fine work but, instead, we shall have him tell his own story later on.

Near Mr. Scott there lives the veteran Christian sailor, Captain William Oliver, now eighty years of age. Long ago, when about thirty years of age, he was won for Christ, and throughout these fifty years he has put not a tithe, not a large share, but all his time, energy and means into the work of Christ along these lonely shores. His whole-hearted devotion, and thorough-going willingness to serve his fellow men without counting the cost, have been as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land to many a man doubting, sinful, or broken. In telling the history of the mission his name appears and reappears. The story of the Methodist branch of the mission is, in a real sense, the story of Captain

Oliver. He still travels with Mr. Scott on the *Thomas Crosby*.

Alert Bay and the William Oliver. Coming south to Alert Bay we reach the territory in which Rev. S. V. H. Redman carries on the good work. He uses the launch *William Oliver*, thirty-eight feet in length, with nine-foot beam. Mr. and Mrs. Red-



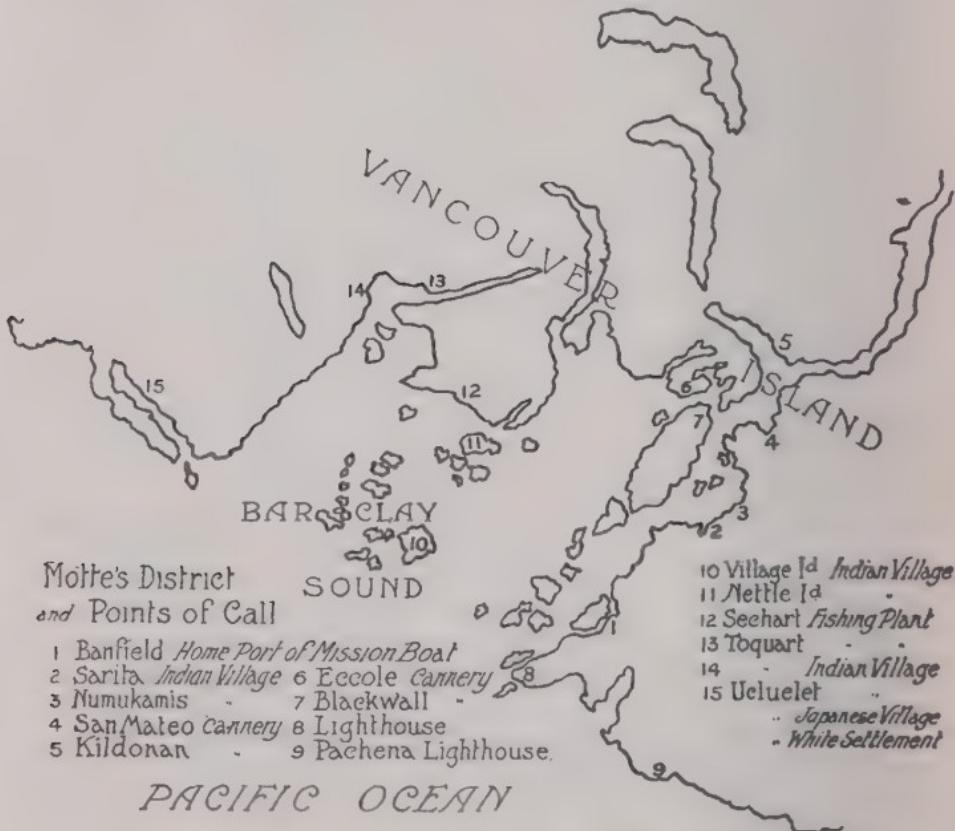
man have but lately come to the mission but already they have won golden opinions for their eagerness and ability to serve.

Rev. Thomas C. Colwell and his Scottish wife held the fort at Alert Bay for nearly seven years

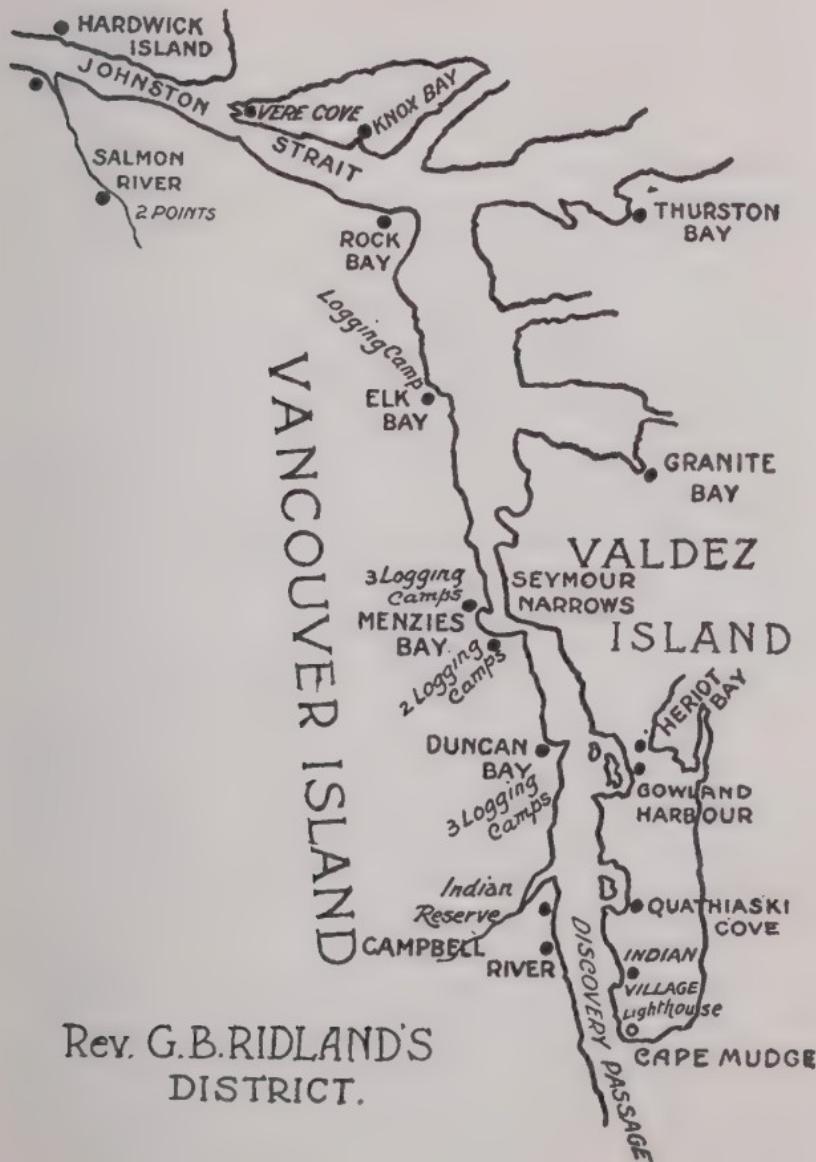
after the war. He left in 1926 for his new field at Keremeos in the Southern Okanagan. Colwell went overseas early in the war as a private and later was made chaplain of the "2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles." He was awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous and unfailing bravery under fire. The first time I met Colwell was in front of Avion on the Lens sector. I was then with the Cameron Highlanders. We had been in the line for a fortnight and were about to move out, being relieved by the 2nd C.M.R.'s. I was gathering up my equipment in the dug-out when down the steps and into the candlelight there came a Canadian officer who asked me if he could get himself a bunk there. I said, "Yes, you can have mine. You should have *one* good sleep in it at least. I feel as if I had given the lice all they could take, so they should not bother you the first night." We had a pleasant, ten-minute, get-acquainted chat and then I had to clear out. I met him several times afterwards in France, and then not again until I found him in Alert Bay in the winter of 1920-21. He was still "carrying on" careless, almost too careless, about personal danger or suffering so long as he could help "the other fellow" and, if possible, win him for Christ. One man there said to me, "Colwell goes out in storms that no other fellow here will tackle. He sure is a nervy man."

With the Broadcaster on the West Coast. On the far west coast of Vancouver Island, working

out through Alberni Canal and along the shores of Barclay Sound on a 36½-foot launch called the *Broadcaster*, we have that good Scot, Rev. C. E. Motte. He and his wife have rendered heroic ser-



vice, braving the dangers of the reef-strewn shores which feel the full force of the terrific tempests that sweep across the open Pacific. Motte served on boats doing duty as mine sweepers and destroyers during the war on the North Sea. He has need of all

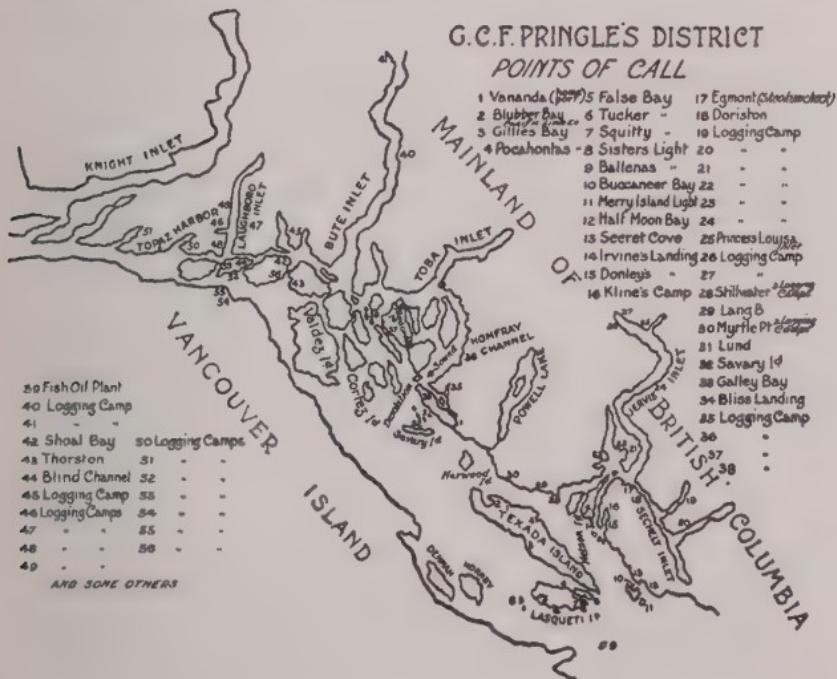


his seamanship and courage in navigating these western waters. No one could wish higher praise and kindlier words than those I hear spoken about Mr. and Mrs. Motte by the people who know them in Barclay Sound.

The *Edward White* at Cape Mudge. East of Vancouver Island again, and near it, is the little island called Valdez. At Cape Mudge, the southerly point of that island, facing into the Strait of Georgia, there is an Indian village under the care of our missionary, Rev. G. B. Ridland. He also ministers to a score of camps and settlements lying along the dangerous tidal rapids of Seymour Narrows. In 1925 he "took over" from Rev. R. C. Scott, and has done work ranking with that of his predecessor and bringing honour to the Mission and the cause. His boat is called the *Edward White*. It has a length of 36 feet with 9½-foot beam.

The *Sky Pilot* of the Straits. South-east from Valdez, on the north-east side of Texada Island, at a little place of about a hundred people called Vananda, I have my home port. My wife and family live there. I patrol Malaspina and Georgia Straits into the Gulf of Georgia to the south, and then north and west along the mainland shores, inlets, and islands, until I connect with the Alert Bay field. My mission was known, before June 10th, 1925, as the Presbyterian Loggers' Mission. I am still expected to consider the logging camps my special care. The *Sky Pilot*, a strong 40-foot

boat, 9½-foot beam, with teak-planked hull and 30 H.P. Acadia engine, carries me on my trips. I am often away two and three weeks and longer. I have a fine, capable engineer named Oswald Treloar, native-born, of Cornwall-Surrey stock. A working logger, he was badly hurt in the Stillwater camp and



has taken this lighter task. We get on very happily together. He does no preaching but serves faithfully in a hundred other ways. I have had two other engineers in the seven years, Lester Price and his brother Ross, "returned" men both of them, fine fellows, and capable, willing helpers.

CHAPTER III

The Romance of the Early Days

Methodists Launch the "Come-to-Jesus" Steam-boat. Let me now give you the story of the origins of our Mission, just the "high-lights." To do it justice I would need ten times these pages. There are two main roots, Methodist and Presbyterian.

On the Methodist side there are four names specially honoured, among a score of pioneers, for their outstanding self-sacrifice, courage, and vision. These names are, Thomas Crosby, William Oliver, C. M. Tate, and A. E. Green. In 1862, sixty-five years ago, the young man Crosby heard the stories told by Ebenezer Robson, Edward White, Cornelius Bryant and Ephraim Evans about the unspeakable conditions existing among the coast Indians. He immediately volunteered for service among them. That year he was given charge of the Indian school at Nanaimo organized some time before by Robson. Thence his sympathies soon reached out in thoughts of Indians living in heathenism farther north. In 1870 C. M. Tate became associated with Crosby. About this time another Indian Mission was started by the Methodist Church in Victoria in a building on the corner of Fisguard and Government Streets. Indians from far up the coast, transients in Victoria, became converted in this mission and took the news of the Gospel back to their tribes. They asked for a

missionary, and in April, 1874, Rev. Wm. Pollard, Superintendent of Methodist missions in British Columbia, sent Tate up to Fort Simpson, where he found 800 Indians "just emerging from paganism of the most diabolical nature." The Anglican Church Missionary Society, with Mr. Duncan in charge, was the only Christian mission among these northern tribes.

In July the same year Crosby, accompanied by his young wife, took up the northern work in person, Mr. Tate returning to the southern field. In 1880 Tate came north again, organizing the mission at Bella Bella, with outstations at Rivers Inlet, China Hat, and Bella Coola. For several years those consecrated men travelled about these treacherous coasts in Indian canoes, and, with fine disregard of danger or personal discomfort, took the lamp of God's love into the benighted lives of pagan peoples.

Ten years passed in this strenuous way with steady success. I wish I had space to write the story of the outstanding men among the Indian converts. Splendid fellows they were and brave warriors for Christ. Without their whole-hearted, self-sacrificing assistance the mission could never have attained the success it did. The names of Indians like Dudoward, Pierce, Russ, Madeix, Star, and Ebstone must ever be grouped, by those who know the story of the mission, with those of Crosby and Tate and Green.

At first the work was among Indians alone. Even at that it was far too heavy a task for these two

or three missionaries travelling about in their crude canoes. But when the gradually rising numbers of incoming white men demanded their attention it was evident that at least some better means of transportation must be found. With this upon his mind Crosby went east on furlough in 1882. Green, who was stationed at the Naas River, had been called to England. So the whole northern field, with its thousands of Indians in various missions, and its few scattered groups of white men, settlers, loggers, miners, fishermen, and cannerymen, was left in the care of Tate. Summer and winter he kept at it, travelling in an open dug-out, visiting all the tribes regularly, and calling on the whites as often as he could. In summer-time, if the weather was fine, the work was not unpleasant; but in days of wind and rain it was dangerous and disagreeable. Winter was especially bad. For one solid month he was scarcely a day out of his canoe. Often he had to face head winds, and often was wrapped in blinding snowstorms, working the paddle from daylight to dark. At night he was glad to get what rest he could in lonely, cheerless camps on rocky shores.

Meanwhile Crosby was at work in an effective way in the east. There he told the entralling story of this mission and its needs, appealing in particular for a much-needed steamboat. His stories "gripped," and his appeal touched the hearts of his hearers. Sunday-school children gave their pennies and wealthy folks their dollars until the building of a little steamboat seemed really possible. Then he

came west again and in a few months the boat was built and launched. It was named the *Glad Tidings*. It was 71 feet long over all, with 14-foot beam.

But there's a story about the building of that vessel which must here be told in brief. When Crosby, in Vancouver, came to compare the amount of funds he had with the estimated cost of building, he found such a large balance on the wrong side that it all but disheartened him. In those days of his perplexity he was sought out by a young Scottish carpenter named William Oliver. Oliver had been a sailor for several years but had previously learned his trade as a ship's carpenter on the Clyde. He had been converted to Christ but a few weeks when he heard of Crosby's predicament. He offered to draw the plans, build the boat, help install the engines, and act as navigator and engineer when she was launched, and all he asked was "board and lodging" while doing it! The whole cost of building the *Glad Tidings* was \$8,000. The estimate by Vancouver ship-builders was twice that. She was built on the banks of the Fraser near New Westminster and had her engines and boilers put in at Victoria. On November 9th, 1884, she started on her first trip north.

For nearly twenty years this boat carried the glad tidings of the Christ over that vast district of tempestuous coastal waters, piloted by Capt. Oliver. One of its first tasks was to tow Mr. Duncan, his Indians, and their entire camp equipment, from Old

Metlakhatla in Canada to Port Chester, or New Metlakhatla, in Alaska, sixty miles away. Mr. Duncan's efforts to train his Indians had been hampered by restrictions imposed by his Church and government. He was offered better opportunities, sympathetic assistance, and a free hand by the United States. They also gave him control of an island on which to shepherd his tribe. He accepted the offer and the Canadian Methodist mission boat moved him across. It took Capt. Oliver several trips, taking as many as 60 loaded canoes in tow at a time.

The *Glad Tidings* went everywhere and anywhere along these Pacific shores where it might find lonely white man or Indian hut. The Indians called it the "Come-to-Jesus" steamboat. What hazards to those on board it must have passed through! What comfort in a thousand ways it brought to those it could reach! Most of it is unrecorded save in God's Book of golden deeds. In 1903 the *Glad Tidings* was wrecked in Shushartie Bay on the northern shore of Vancouver Island. In 1906 Mr. B. C. Freeman, after seeing the old boat lying a wreck on the rocks, wrote as follows, "What life and light she had carried to benighted Indians and wandering whites! How often had that cabin rung with praise and thanksgiving as Crosby and Oliver, with a band of devoted converts, travelled hither and thither, daring the winter storms of the Pacific in the little seventy-foot craft, enduring hardships as good soldiers of Jesus Christ,

bringing healing to the bodies and souls of the people, until, at last, Crosby's rugged frame broke under the strain. To eke out the small grant from the Missionary Society and the uncertain income from personal subscriptions, it had been necessary to run the boat as economically as possible. "Porridge and Prayers" were said to be the regular bill-of-fare. When good Capt. Oliver, who built the boat out of love to God, and ran her out of love to humanity, had been working hard all one morning at needed repairs, he turned suddenly to Crosby, and putting his hand suggestively on his vest, said, "I think it is about time for prayers!"

Now she lay on the beach, left high and dry by the tide in this sheltered bay like one ignobly cast aside. She had not gone down in the stress of the tempest. Her critics had said she was not seaworthy, though she was as staunch a craft of her size as ever ploughed the deep, for Oliver wrought with his heart in the building of her. She had traversed the boisterous Hecate Strait many a time, had faced the Naas wind when the mail steamers hesitated, and had repeatedly braved fierce winter storms. Again and again had she gone around Vancouver Island visiting every human being she found on its isolated, wreck-strewn, west coast, daring the tempests of Cape Flattery, rounding Cape Cook and Cape Scott safely, alike in winter and summer, for, as the Indians said, "God was with her." She had been a terror to evil-doers, especially to those degrading businesses that thrive by exploiting and en-

couraging the sins and weaknesses of their fellows, and she had brought untold blessing into the lives of thousands of decent folk. Now she lay here on her side, broken, bleaching in the sun and the rain, where not a sea big enough to tear apart her rotting timbers could come into the land-locked harbour.

After the loss of their mission-boat the Methodist missionaries did their best to carry on for five years with the old primitive canoes, but the extent of their work was woefully restricted thereby and made extremely difficult. In these years logging, fishing, mining, and related industries were developing rapidly up and down the coast. The need for a boat became so insistent that again our old veteran, William Oliver, came forward to fill the breach. He donated a boat which he had built and equipped himself. It cost him \$6,000. He gave it, "As a thank-offering to God for his mercy to me, a sinner, and for the use of the Methodist Church." He called it the *Udall* which means, in Indian, "the dearest thing I possess." She made her maiden trip up to the northern field on December 10th, 1908. She worked the district lying between Seymour Narrows on the south and Portland Canal on the north. After six months' work, sad to say, the *Udall* was wrecked and lost by striking an uncharted rock. Captain Oliver and the missionary, C. W. Webber, barely escaped, over stormy seas, with their lives. After drifting for five days in their little dinghy they were seen from Port Simpson and rescued. For three years very little but shore

work was done. A small gas-boat called the *Home-spun*, the gift of a few devoted friends, served to keep the flag flying for a while under Captain Oliver's intrepid handling. But the boat was altogether too small for rough waters. It seemed foolhardy to continue its use and it was withdrawn.

This all served to advertise the crying needs of the field and at last the Church decided to build a boat that would measure up to requirements. In 1912 the *Thomas Crosby* was launched, an oil-burning steamboat, 83.4 feet long and 18.5 feet-beam with 116 tons gross tonnage. Captain Oliver was made skipper and the work went on most happily for two or three years. Then the war broke on us, upsetting plans and disrupting organized work. Prices of everything advanced so that the upkeep of the large boat was almost prohibitive. The Government was in need of patrol boats, the *Thomas Crosby* was commandeered for that service and eventually sold to the authorities. The money received from her sale was put aside in "the *Thomas Crosby* Trust Fund." Towards the close of hostilities a good portion of the money was used in constructing three new launches. These were the *Edward White*, the *William Oliver*, and the second *Thomas Crosby*. This boat was torn from her anchorage at Sandspit during a gale and was smashed to pieces on the rocks at Dead Tree Point. Captain Oliver nearly lost his life that night trying to save her, but in vain. The third *Thomas Crosby* was soon built to replace her,

and is still standing up to the work in good style with Scott and Oliver aboard her.

Presbyterian Pioneers and the Loggers' Mission.

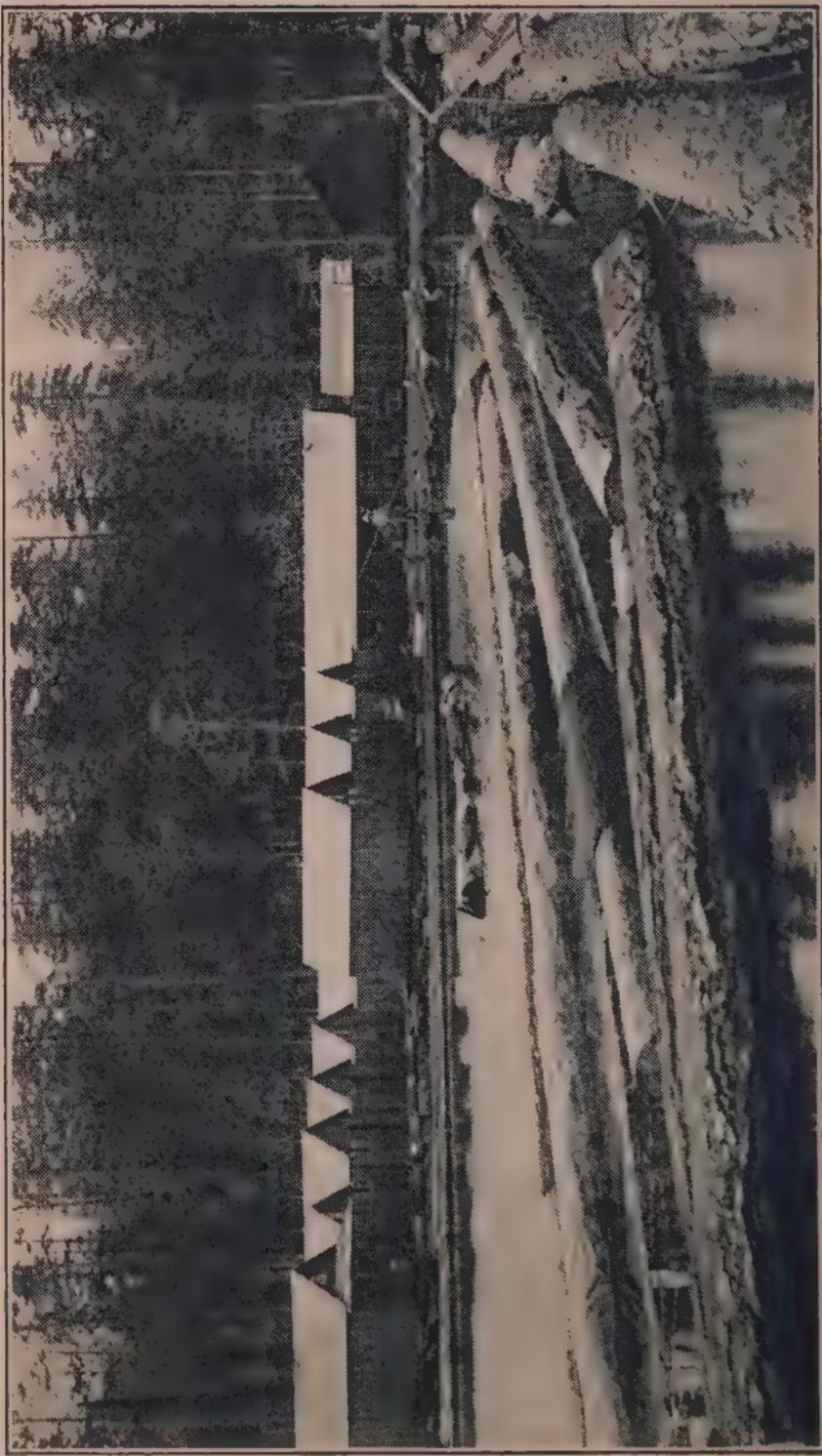
On that memorable day in June, 1925, the Presbyterians had also their contribution to make to the United Church Marine Mission, and their story to tell of brave pioneers.

The honor of being the trail-blazer in the Presbyterian Loggers' Mission belongs to Rev. W. J. Kidd, B.D., now of Okotoks, Alberta. While that Church had numerous missionaries rendering splendid service among scattered groups of settlers and neighboring camps, they were what might be called "shore missionaries." The logging camps, in most cases, were not being reached at all. No missionary or Church had taken up the work, specially and regularly, of ministering to them.

In 1902 Rev. George A. Wilson, then minister of Mount Pleasant Presbyterian Church, was selected to go to Vananda, a little copper-mining town on Texada Island, and dispense the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He left Vancouver on Thursday so as to reach his destination in time for "preparatory service," but a bad south-easter was blowing and the skipper of the old steamboat *Cassiar* would not attempt a landing at Vananda. Dr. Wilson was therefore taken along on the boat's full circuit north and landed at Vananda on Saturday on her return trip. What he saw on that voyage led him to give an address to his congregation in which

A CONGREGATION OF LOGGERS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA





A LOGGING CAMP ON VANCOUVER ISLAND, SHOWING THE BUNKHOUSES

he emphasized that which had impressed him, namely, the many tide-water logging camps for which nothing was being done by the Church. Mr. Maynard, Mr. Johnston, and others, notably among the women, urged him to bring it before Presbytery. He required no urging. He presented the subject before the Church courts without delay and with such good effect that Synod decided to appoint a missionary to take up that work the next summer. Mr. W. J. Kidd was chosen and in 1903 he entered the field. The year before Mr. Kidd had been the student-missionary in charge of Hornby and Denman islands, and Union Bay. He therefore knew a good deal about up-coast conditions, the special needs and peculiar difficulties he would meet. Such knowledge, combined with the enthusiasm, courage and natural ability of this talented young man, guaranteed that the mission would be a success from the start.

In the spring of 1903 Mr. Kidd arrived in Vancouver from Queen's College, Kingston. He was in poor physical condition after a serious illness from typhoid fever, but was eager to tackle his new job. Accordingly he set out from Vancouver for Rock Bay on the east coast of Vancouver Island about 150 miles away, above Seymour Narrows. The Hastings Mill Company had a logging camp at Rock Bay, one of the biggest on the coast, and it seemed a good place for the missionary to commence his work. We will let him now tell his story in his own words:

"I went north from Vancouver on the S.S.

Cassiar. My first stop was at Rock Bay, where a new manager for the company's hotel was expected. On landing I found that I was suspected of being that high dignitary. It was a cruel blow to the group of loggers at the beach when I divulged the startling and disappointing information that I was only a preacher. They treated me very decently, however. I put up at the hotel, and next morning set out on my tramp of eight miles up the skid-road to the camp in the woods on the lake shore, where the trees were being felled, limbed, and bucked, ready to be hauled down the skid-road by oxen and horses to the ocean, there to be tied into booms for towing to the sawmill in town.

On account of a strong wind, making it too dangerous to work, the eighty men in camp were idle. These were the days before prohibition or government control, and, to say the least, "booze" was often very much in evidence in the camps. This day several sacks of bottles of the "oil of joy" had been sent up from the hotel to help the men to while away their idle hours. This all helped, you can well imagine, to make the situation more difficult for me. But yet through it all, in that camp and wherever I went afterwards, the loggers always treated me with abundant kindness. If you could only realize the remoteness and deadly monotony of these logging camps in those long-ago days, you could appreciate the almost irresistible longing of the logger to escape from its dreariness into the happy, although temporary, exhilaration of a good spree. Well, I

preached in the cook-house and had a large and attentive congregation. I spent a week or two in and around Rock Bay visiting other little camps, getting personally in touch with the men and trying to make friends. I found one man there from my own old home town of Beckwith. He had left Beckwith fifty-one years before. His boyhood home was within two miles of mine. He had been west in camp, and mill, and mine all those years without going back. We had a great talk. In the same camp was another old hero named Donald McGregor, one of the finest men I have ever known. He was a sincere Christian. His Bible was always near, and he did a man's work till the last. In 1862 he had worked on the Caribou road which was then building. Having made the rounds of the camps in the Rock Bay neighbourhood I had to then think of the other camps along the shore, some of them as far as a hundred miles away. The rare visits at inconvenient times of the old steamboat *Cassiar* made it an impracticable means of transportation. There is a story of a proud member of the clan McLean boasting that his clan was as old as the Flood. On being reminded that the clan name doesn't occur among the occupants of Noah's Ark he replied, "The McLeans were even then a strong and proud people and they had a very fine boat of their own." I decided likewise that I must have a boat of my own. My financial position was weak but I put through the purchase of an Indian dug-out, a rough canoe hewed out of a log, probably very much after the

model of small craft of Noah's time. In this humble boat I rowed and paddled hundreds of miles along the shores of my parish, through storm and calm, rain and shine, by night and day. I had, of course, thrilling and dangerous experiences. On one trip, taking ten days, I went from Bear River in Johnston Strait to Vananda, about seventy-five miles away. While working my way through a bad tide-rip in Blind Channel I lost my oar during an attempt to bale out enough of a wave, which I had shipped, to prevent swamping. I recovered my oar after an anxious quarter-hour swirling about in those wild waters. Miles farther on I entered the six miles of roaring, travelling whirlpools, the strongest and longest tidal rapids on the coast, called the "Yucultas." The tide was running with me so I took a chance and headed into them. All went well until I entered the noisy tumult of waves in Canoe Pass. My dug-out met a strong eddy at the foot of a cataract over which I had to go and was upset. I hung on for dear life, and although both canoe and man were sucked under a dozen times, we were at long last thrown out into quieter waters towards shore. I was nearly "done" by the time I got to land. Fortunately there was a little logging camp a few miles through the bush to which I struggled. Paddy Furrie, a Roman Catholic, was foreman. I couldn't have been more kindly treated by my own mother than I was by Furrie and his men. I lost everything I had, except the boat, including a valuable .303 Savage rifle. That summer I visited

thirty-six logging camps. In some of them I had service as often as five times. Later the Home Mission Committee sent me a good, big rowboat and I discarded my dug-out. In my new skiff I made the round of Jervis Inlet (sixty miles) and visited the camps there. That was the summer that the General Assembly met in Vancouver. The thought often came to me that it would have been a source of great enlightenment to them if I could have had some of the "Fathers and Brethren" from that august gathering with me on some of my trips. So the work went on until autumn when it was impossible to travel with any degree of safety or comfort in an open boat. I then went back to college.

In 1904 I was back at it again. My brother Charles, stationed at Vananda, used to come with me at times to help with the rowing. All summer long with oars or sail I kept moving. I held service in a different camp practically every evening. In 1905 I went north to Atlin to relieve Rev. E. Turkington who had gone east.

In 1906 my brother Charles and I were ordained in Mount Pleasant Church. At eleven o'clock the same night we were in overalls working with might and main in Ross and Howard's Iron Works to fit up the old steamer *Psyche* which the Home Mission Committee had purchased for use in the Loggers' Mission. At the end of eight weeks of hard work we got the old boat in seaworthy shape. It was in August we set out, my brother Charles and I, as mis-

sionaries, another brother Clarence, as engineer, and a student assistant named Graham. Month after month we made the rounds of the camps. We were now able to travel in comparative comfort, and safety, and with much greater speed. Also we were able to carry large quantities of reading matter for distribution in the camps, a service we had been able to render only in a very limited way when travelling in an open boat. Now, too, we could travel in winter as well as summer. In three years the mission had grown from an experiment, into an established twelve-month ordained mission field.

In the winter of 1906-07 we were given a splendid boat called the *Naiad*, and the *Psyche* was sold.

In 1907 I was sent to Prince Rupert to commence work for our Church in that new town, and others took up the work of the Loggers' Mission."

In 1905 D. F. Smith and M. F. Munroe made the rounds of the camps in Mr. Kidd's absence. In 1907 Alexander MacAulay, from Pictou County, Nova Scotia, accepted the appointment and remained at the work for five years. In 1912 Mr. Burgess took charge with a young medical student as assistant. In 1914 Dr. James Wallace was given the field. It was for him that a large, new boat, the *Daphne* was purchased. Dr. Wallace remained only until the autumn, for the War had broken out. He and many others of our missionaries went overseas with the troops. The field was left unoccupied during the war years, mainly

because we had no proper man available for the work.

Each of these missionaries could tell of experiences that would thrill and inspire you, and I have only given you a list of their names. But there is one noble man who must have more than passing mention in any history of the Loggers' Mission. Whenever I meet an old-timer in the camps he will rarely fail to mention the name of Alexander MacAulay. MacAulay had a heaven-given talent for winning the confidence of the loggers and settlers. In this respect it is undoubtedly true that no missionary, of any Church, has ever equalled him along this coast. He was unique. Every last man in camp would gather into the bunk-house or cook-house when he happened along. They still talk, in reminiscent, tender tones, about the way he used to sing that old hymn (new then), "Throw Out the Life Line." Often his wife and daughter would accompany him on these trips and there would then be very special music that was greatly enjoyed in these lonely camps. When I first visited the logging camps in 1920 one of my favourite ways of introducing myself was to announce that I was "trying to carry on MacAulay's work." The old-timers in the camp would accept that as a sufficiently good credential to warrant them coming in to meeting to hear what I had to say. Among the settlers his name was an "Open Sesame," to their hearts and homes. MacAulay withdrew from the work in 1912 because of

failing strength. His arduous efforts and constant exposure had broken him down. He took a small congregation in Vancouver which he faithfully served until 1923, when he passed to his reward.

After the War I was demobilized in the Old Country. I remained in Edinburgh taking post-graduate work and assisting in one of the city churches. One day Rev. E. G. Thompson, of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, called to see me. He said that he had been commissioned by the Assembly's Home Mission Committee, acting on the advice of the Synod of British Columbia, to ask me to undertake the rehabilitation of their Loggers' Mission which had been uncared for during the war. I was very happy in Edinburgh and hesitated to leave my friends there and the opportunities for service that were open to me in Scotland. But the call of my native land, and of the West, became too strong for me, the memories of old days on the Klondike trails were revived, and I found myself unable to refuse the invitation. In September, 1920, my wife, bairns and myself sailed for Canada.

On October 1st, 1920, I was in Vancouver and "on the job." Much had to be done in exploring and gathering information about up-coast conditions before a definite course could be laid.

"Forty miles out from Vancouver, commencing at Welcome Pass, along the mainland and inlets up-coast in salt water as far as you think it wise to go." This was the bare description the Home Mission Committee gave me of the territory I was to cover.

Then they turned me loose with an ancient gasoline launch called *Mina W.* and an engineer of doubtful skill, one bleak December morning in 1920.

Perhaps the Committee didn't know much more about the proposition than they told me, but if they knew little, I knew less. However, that first 400-mile exploring tour during three months of winter, with its short, dark days, its storms of wind and blinding snow, travelling amid confusing fogs, tumultuous eddying tidal rapids, and dangerous reefs, filled in that meagre description with a wealth of memorable detail and plenty of vivid colouring. I've tried to buck a wild sou'easter in Malaspina Straits with a "hesitating" engine and damaged shaft, the waves going clear over us every time. I've tried to find my way into Secret Cove in pitch dark without a light to be seen, and with a storm rising. I have had to walk a loose boom of floating logs at night with snow on them, in ordinary shoes. These and many other such experiences gave me a knowledge of the coast that no book or second-hand description could afford.

Experience on these trips soon convinced me that a new gas-boat, comfortable and seaworthy, must be secured if the missionary (this missionary anyway) was to keep physically fit, mentally balanced, and temperamentally sweet. It was a glad day for me when, in 1922, a fine new boat, built specially for the mission, was launched at the Vancouver ship-yard. She was named the *Sky Pilot*. On August 16th I set out for my home port, Vananda. I had

now a staunch hull under me, a cosy, roomy cabin around me, a strong, steady engine to drive us along, and a competent helper definitely responsible for boat and engine. The combination has proved an immense assistance to me. It has made me capable of rendering service to my people of an extent and quality that I had neither strength nor heart to give them before, so trying were conditions on the old boat.

The attention of the Presbyterian Church had early been called to the needs of the Indians on the west coast of Vancouver Island. In 1891 Rev. John A. Macdonald was sent to Alberni to institute a permanent mission amongst them. In 1892 Rev. Melvin Swartout took charge. Later he made headquarters at Ucluelet. There he wrought nobly and built up a strong cause. A church was erected, a house for the missionary and his family, and a school for the Indian children. His work prospered from year to year. One Monday in July, 1904, he started out alone in his little sailboat to visit a village along the coast. There was a strong headwind blowing against which he had to tack, and a heavy sea making. It was his last voyage. Three months afterwards his body was discovered among the drift-wood and the kelp. The boat was also found broken to pieces on the rocks. A big comber or specially fierce gust of wind had foundered the boat and caused him to lose his life. With heroic, devoted spirit Mrs. Swartout carried the work on for years. As the need arose this Indian work was developed at various other points on the West Coast



THE "SKY PILOT" AT VANANDA FLOAT, B.C., WITH A HAPPY CROWD
ON BOARD



BLUBBER BAY PICNIC, TEXADA ISLAND, B.C.



THE "WILLIAM OLIVER" CALLING ON HAND LOGGERS

by the Russells, Butchart, J. T. Ross, Miller, Cameron, J. R. Motion, Hendry and Currie. Sometimes they used small boats of their own, sometimes they depended upon the natives for transportation. During these years a goodly number of white people, settlers and fishermen mostly, came into the district scattered along the coast. These were ministered to along with the aborigines. In 1920 work among the whites became more specialized. In August that year Mr. Motte, then a student giving part time, now an ordained man giving whole time, was appointed to develop a mission along these new lines and remained in charge up to the present time. Mr. Motte has now a nice, new 36-foot gasoline launch called the *Broadcaster*. Since his appointment, Mr. Motte and his talented wife, by their wise and unselfish ministries, have won an enviable place in the esteem of those they serve.

And so it came about, at the union of the churches, that the Presbyterians contributed their two boats to our Marine Mission and the Methodists their three. With the missionaries and the boats each Church brought that intangible, inestimable contribution in prestige and tradition developed by the devoted lives of heroic pioneers, and those who so worthily succeeded them. And both Churches were united in supreme loyalty and love to Him who stilled the waves on the Sea of Galilee, the Pilot of all little ships on the storm-tossed ocean of life, Jesus of Nazareth, our Saviour and Lord.

CHAPTER IV

Yarns the Missionaries Tell

So far I have given you a picture, which is largely done in black and white perspective. Now let us put in fuller detail and livelier coloring. This, I thought, could best be effected by letting the missionaries themselves each tell a story or two. In reading these yarns you will travel on the boats, without getting seasick, and will see what the missionaries really do. There will be incident and anecdote vivid enough to make you realize, if you respond to stories of unselfish service, what this work really is, its value, and its fascination. And by letting the missionary tell his own story you will catch a glimpse, (if you can read between the lines), of that extremely valuable yet elusive something, the personality of the man. Mr. Ridland and Mr. Redman have not contributed any stories. They say they are newcomers, "cheechakoes," and would prefer to sit back and listen to the "sourdoughs" talk. We'll let them off this time. But I can assure you that these two good men faithfully uphold the fine tradition of this Marine Mission.

We shall start with our most northerly district and listen to our missionary who serves the people who live in and around the Queen Charlotte Islands, Rev. R. C. Scott, B.A.:

AROUND THE QUEEN CHARLOTTES—ON THE *THOMAS CROSBY*

By R. C. SCOTT

In Scattered Settlements. Here and there along the coast, in delightful little coves and bays, are to be found groups of settlers who live partly from the tilling of small cleared sections of land, and partly by money received from work in mine or forest or fishing station. To these the Marine workers bring the gospel regularly by preaching, services varying in time from once a week to once a month, and at some points even less frequently. Services are held in the homes of the people, in the bunkhouse or cookhouse of the camps, in canneries, on wharves, or wherever the people may be gathered together. Some of those services recur to me. Here is the description of one:

I had arrived in a camp after a walk of two miles back through the woods from the water front. It was the night before a strike. Notwithstanding, I felt that the chance might never be mine again so that I should endeavour to have a meeting. Permission was secured from the foreman to hold a meeting in the reading-room of the camp. This was a long narrow bunkhouse with two large tables of some twelve feet long in one end, a stove in the centre, and a smaller table in the other end of the building, while benches were standing round the walls of the room. There was not much evidence of reading material in the room when the missionary

entered, but two big games of poker were in progress and the coins were ringing merrily down upon the tables. Groups of men crowded round the players, while a smaller group was centred at the stove. The other end of the building being free, the missionary at once began preparations for a meeting. First a set of lamps had to be borrowed from the cookhouse to provide light, then facing the crowd that began to gather as these preparations went on, I announced my name. At that a man who had taken his seat at my left got up and said, "You expect to hold a meeting?" and I replied, "Yes, I hope to do so." "Will you have a chairman or will you run it yourself?" Thinking, and praying too, on my feet, I replied, "That is just as the boys say." The man then rapped on the table and called aloud, "Fellow-workers, Mr. Scott is here and is going to hold a meeting, and wants to know if you will appoint a chairman for him, or will he run the meeting himself." In as many seconds, half a dozen fellows moved that I run it myself. I thanked them and then told them I would be glad if they would allow me to finish what I had to say and then I would stay and hear what any of them might wish to say, and would answer any questions they might have to ask. To all this the man at my left replied "That's fair." So I began with a hymn. What should it be? The tense feeling in the meeting did not make for slow collected thought as to choice of the song. My eye fell on a title; the very one for the occasion, I thought, and immediately I announced it, "Number

so and so, 'A Better Day is Coming, A Morning Promised Long.'" Soon the notes of the old hymn were floating round the room with all the power that a few of us, principally myself, could give to it. Then came the address, brief and to the point, namely that it is only in Jesus that we find the proper perspective for judging values. Only in Him do we come to know what are really the rights of men. He, too, is the law for persons, as nature, so called, is the law for the material world. Anything done in the world that is contrary to the spirit of Jesus comes back to the ones who did it like a boomerang and there is no respect of persons with God. Then followed a period of questions, some of which I answered satisfactorily to all, some of them a bit satisfactorily to myself, and some of them not at all and with frank acknowledgment of my inability. In the end, as the leader of the men was setting forth his ideas of religion and the church, the foreman put his head in the door and told the speaker that this was my night. I informed him that I had given the man permission to speak, but there the meeting ended.

Then there are meetings held in the homes of the people. An unusual one comes to my mind. Not that the service itself was unusual but that it took so long to get into that home to have a meeting. I had been kept on the doorstep the first time I called, and had only seen a part of the woman's face as she looked at me through the three-inch space to which she had opened the door. To all my questions she

answered in monosyllables which grew less willing until finally she closed the door. I left some magazines on the doorstep. This process was repeated for months, but finally the day came when I was allowed to enter the room, and then after a year or two had passed, in which we had served in every way possible the interest of the family, we were welcome guests. One night we suggested some hymns and a little music. The result was the small portable organ was brought up from the boat and a fine little service conducted which took the family back to other days when both father and mother had gone to church, and to Sunday school. The next step was to get this family out to the services in the nearby schoolhouse, and that too was managed in time.

On another occasion we were passing a large tug boat tied up at the wharf of a logging camp, and heard someone playing a banjo. Being struck with the excellency of the music, and having found that the boat was going to remain in port for the night, I enquired if the player could also perform on the organ. One of the sailors informed me that he could. I went at once to the Mission Boat and got a good supply of magazines, and the portable organ, and rowed alongside in the dinghy. Then I informed the men that we were busy for a time, but that they were welcome to the organ and to some community song books which we left with them. They made fine use of them for the music could be heard ashore. It was ten o'clock when we returned, as we thought, to get our organ, but we had

another idea forced upon us. Nothing would do but that we too should join the crowd, and another two hours was spent in song, both secular and sacred, although of my own accord I never mix the two. I try to make the men feel that my work is worthy for its own sake and that the hymns are as necessary and fitting in their place as "Thanks for the Buggy Ride" may be at other times. But when some fellow asks for a hymn, that is a different thing, and on request we'll sing one any time, any place. For myself, no process of bribing the men to attend a service by having a sing-song of other types of music, nor any picture show, nor anything that might be construed as craft or guile may be used in the Master's work. When time permits and occasion points the way, we may have a fine time together by way of a little concert or community singing. But, as I have said, the work of the preaching of the Gospel is worthy and must stand on its merits. If the men do not care to come, there is no hard feeling, but if they wish to come, they know before they do so just what character the meeting will take. I have never been insulted in a logging camp, except perhaps once, in the ten years in which I have been working there. Many a good meeting have I had with the men.

Visiting the Canneries. During the fishing season, which comprises at least eight months of the year when the time taken for fitting up canneryes, boats and gear is counted along with the actual time of fishing, hundreds, yes, thousands, of men and

women⁷ are gathered in groups at various points along the coast and on the larger rivers, to work at canneries and fishing stations. In these places a motley crowd may be found, Japs, Chinese, Natives, Scandinavians, Finns and English-speaking people thrown together for months, living in shacks provided by the canneries, on boats, or in cabins built by individual owners. In some places, an invisible line separates the Indians from the Orientals, or from their white neighbors. I have seen a beer parlor operating within ten yards of an Indian dance hall, both in full swing at the same time. You may gather then, how little is the protection afforded the native people by the provision of the Indian Act which says that no liquor shall be sold or kept on an Indian Reserve. In this particular place, I defy anyone who does not know the locality, to tell where the Indian village ends and the portion allotted to others begins. Bootleggers, card sharks, pool rooms, dance halls, all take their share of the time, attention, and the earnings of the fishermen and cannery helpers, as opportunity offers, and add to the loss caused by bad seasons, storms, accidents, etc., which these people have to face in the endeavour to provide for themselves and their families throughout the winter. Is it not due these folks that the Church, too, should be present to guide, encourage and strengthen them during this time of wearisome toil? Surely yes. Here the Marine workers come again to the front, and on the canneries on the Skeena and upper mainland, and on the Queen

Charlotte Islands, ministers from Prince Rupert and other places along the line of the C.N.R. carried on our boats lend their aid and each week end from twelve to twenty services are held at various points. I believe that much was done this last year in this way at Smith's and Rivers Inlets also, but here the workers were handicapped because of the lack of a boat in which to get from point to point without being dependent on the generosity of others and having to go when a chance afforded and not at the time most necessary. This cannery work is increasing in importance for two reasons; first, the Indian people, who are usually well looked after while on their reserves during the winter, are being exposed to the most powerful and the most injurious of influences during their sojourn at the canneries; drink and immorality dog their footsteps at almost every point. How foolish, if not criminal, to say nothing of its being unchristian, to leave these people to their fate. It used to be said that the Indian people needed to be reconverted after their return from the cannery work. I do not think this is true of all our Indian brethren but small blame to them were it so, and the greater blame to the Church which brought them out into the larger light of the Gospel but failed to help them during their time of greatest need. In any case it can be well imagined how it heartens these Indian folk to see their missionaries among them during the cannery season. The Marine Mission makes a fine contribution right here in taking the missionaries from point to point, and

even its presence among the fishing craft is heartening, for it shows that the Church thinks of them. Police boats are there, and Fisheries Protection boats and officers, why not the representatives of Him who, long ago, called His first disciples from their fishing boats and nets? First, then, for the Indian people. Secondly, for our own white people. The cannery season has seen some very great changes in its methods of operation and also during these last two years, in the personnel of its workers. More university students than perhaps ever before are finding work in the canneries, thus getting for themselves some money with which to pay the expenses of the college term. Not only young men are to be found as employees of the fishing companies, but young women as well. It used to be left to the Indian women alone to fill the cans in the canneries, but this last two years groups of young white women are doing this work. In some cases, twelve, fifteen or more young white girls perform this task. The fishing companies have, in most cases, provided good accommodation, and houses are built specially for these workers, equipped, in some instances, with baths, reading-rooms, separate dining-room accommodation, and other features which reflect credit on the companies and afford comfort to the young women. In every case a matron is in charge. Surely this marks a change of which the church would do well to take notice. In most cases these fishing communities are reached only by boat, and here again the Marine workers are doing their share

to bring the Gospel and its ideals to the attention of these young people faring forth on new paths. It can readily be seen how God is bringing together these different classes of workers, and giving to a work which formerly depended only on the good will and Christian generosity of the whites towards the Indians, the incentive of taking care of what is really a group of our own people; our very own, for at the close of one service in a northern cannery, the visiting minister who preached the sermon (not the writer) found two young women from his own church in the city.

Salmon Trolling Stations. A feature of the fishing industry that has come to the front in the last few years on the Pacific Coast has been the taking of salmon by means of trolling. Years ago, it is true, this sort of fishing was done, but at that time only by canoe and row-boat. Since the advent of the gasoline engine, this feature of the fishing industry has been enormously enlarged. Boats equipped with as many as four and six lines, operated by one or two men, travel miles back and forth over the fishing grounds. Many and varied are the boats used. Here, it is only an overgrown row-boat, so to speak, that has been fitted up with a small gas engine. At night a piece of canvas is stretched over one end to form a shelter for the fisherman, or it may be the man who uses this type of boat has a cabin on land in which to spend the few hours left for sleep. Again there are other boats, larger and

more powerful, fitted up with sleeping quarters and cooking apparatus, and here the man or men will live for five months of the year, beginning, say, at the northern end of the fishing grounds to get the first chance at the salmon as they come in from the unknown waters of the Pacific, and then following them down the coast as they progress toward the spawning grounds. Some of the latest types of salmon trolling boats have also fish holds, where the catch may be stored on ice for a week at a time, during which period the men work almost night and day during the long days of the summer. Usually, however, the boats gather in each night at dusk, to harbours where fish buyers have placed supply scows and fish-carrier boats. Here the catch is disposed of and gasoline and other requisites and food may be obtained. Here again the Marine workers come. At two points at least on the upper British Columbia coast, buildings have been put up where these men may find a place in which to read or write during times when fishing is poor, and where they may have a shower bath and fill their water buckets as they have need. The reading-room is used by the missionary for holding services too, or for any public meeting when the need arises. Hundreds of fishermen use these buildings in the fishing season.

At Lonely Lighthouses. At many points along the coast are to be found lighthouses where the lightkeepers are cut off, sometimes for months, from any visitation from any source. One of the most

isolated of these stations is that at Cape St. James on the southern end of St. James Island, the most southerly of the Queen Charlotte group. Away to the south and the west rolls the unbroken Pacific; east and north, for a hundred miles or more, are the waters of Hecate Strait, as stormy a body of water as is to be found on the coast. Northerly too, the rock-bound shores of the Queen Charlottes stretch away, bearing no mark of human habitation nearer than Rose Harbour, twenty miles away over waters that are treacherous on account of sudden storms and poor harbours. Mr. Lawrence, the lightkeeper, and his wife are alone for weeks and sometimes months. They get their mail and supplies from the light tender, which calls once in three months or thereabouts. During this last year, the Marine Mission has undertaken to visit them, and once a month they receive mail, reading matter, and anything else the mission boats may be able to bring to brighten their lives. Once a year, at least, the wife of the missionary tries to make the trip, usually at Easter time, and Mrs. Lawrence has the pleasure of visiting with her own kind. Did I say Mrs. Lawrence had the privilege, I am prone to think the thing should be stated the other way round, for the missionary, and his wife too, both feel the greatness of the privilege thus extended to them. Last year two young lady school teachers were among the party that came on the mission boat, and great was the time that followed. The sea fortunately was calm, although the day before all

the ladies had suffered severely with attacks of *mal de mer*. I do not know of any place where one is so conscious of the might and mastery of the sea, for here you land only if it permits, and you stay only so long as it may allow. This time, however, the sea remained calm and we had a delightful visit with the Lawrences. Music, conversation, a little religious service, and a cup of tea together made happy memories to be carried away as we left. There are thirteen lighthouses at which there are lightkeepers stationed, north of Queen Charlotte Sound, on the British Columbia coast, and surely these men and women should be given visitation and such Christian ministration as is possible through the Marine work, but little regular work is attempted owing to lack of a suitable boat.

In this connection may I strongly urge that one of the large boats of the fleet (my own boat would do) be detached from regular work and so enabled to give special attention to the cannery work. Beginning at Rivers' and Smith's Inlets, and continuing to the Skeena and Naas Rivers and other points North, then on across to the Queen Charlotte Islands, the boat could give service during the "peak" period at each place. The season begins earliest at the points first named, and then continues until the middle of October in the last named district. This boat could also maintain regular visitation of the lighthouses as named above, and could cover portions of the coast not served by any other boat during the time between the close of the cannery

work in one year and its opening in the next. It could also devote attention to logging camps and trolling stations during the days intervening between each week end closed season, namely from Monday until Friday night each week.

In Times of Need. I close with two or three incidents of interest. At one logging camp a little girl, coming out of her father's house to greet a young boy companion who was just returning from hunting, was shot by the accidental discharge of the latter's rifle. The bullet passed through the top of the right lung. The first-aid man at the camp rendered assistance and the doctor was sent for. After a ten-mile trip in a launch he arrived and gave treatment. He stayed right with the child for two days, but then had to return to his practice. The girl was moved down to the little community where the doctor had his headquarters so as to be under his eye. She lay between life and death for many days. The family was poor, and there were four other children to be looked after in the little cabin at the camp. Sundays the father was free, so Saturday afternoon a couple of weeks after the accident, the mission boat ran up to the camp and offered the mother a trip to see her little daughter over Sunday. Needless to say the offer was gladly accepted. Father kept house at home, and the mother spent Saturday night, Sunday, and Monday morning with her sick girl, something which would have been impossible for her had it not been for the mission boat, as the

cost of hiring a launch would have been for them prohibitive.

During the summer of 1925 the mission boat *Edward White* on the Cape Mudge field was used to splendid advantage to fight forest fires which destroyed valuable timber, as well as the fences, homes and outbuildings of settlers, and in one instance took the life of an aged settler himself. Not alone was this true of our own Church, but the boat of the Anglican Church, on the other side of the Island, also contributed fine service during this time of danger.

Once, at a cannery on the Skeena River, the mission boat had tied up for the night. A service had been held earlier in the evening, and the "crew" were preparing to retire when a message came from the cannery manager that the Prince Rupert Hospital had wired in that one of the employees who had been there for some days was in a critical condition, and that it would be advisable for his wife to come to his bedside as quickly as possible. There was no other boat in at the time fit to take the mother and her two small children at that hour of the night. Of course the *Thomas Crosby* would go. Piloted by Captain Oliver, veteran missionary skipper, the boat made her way out of the Skeena, and then on into Prince Rupert, bearing the wife and her children to the bedside of the stricken man. It was two o'clock in the morning when they arrived, but the lady was seen safely to the hospital by the mis-

sionary. Surely such ministry, at such times, is truly done "in His Name" and begets His blessing.

At another place the local sawmill had failed and had been suddenly shut down. The wages of the employees were in some cases two months behind. that is, cheques for that period remained in many cases uncashed. Action was necessary, a lien must be placed on the lumber. The mail boat had gone, there would be no more for a week. Needless to say, the request of the manager that the mission boat be "ready" if necessary to protect the interests of the men, was gladly met, and when arrangements had been completed, a delegation was taken by the mission boat to the nearest point where legal action could be taken, a hundred miles over wintry seas, for the protection of the workers.

Off a dangerous shore a tug-boat in distress lies helpless with a fishing net round its propeller. The mission boat learns of it and sets out in the fog: a sudden lifting shows the vessel two miles out to sea. A course is laid, the ship is reached. The captain asks that we "stand by," and we willingly do. Then, help not coming, we set off again through the fog to wire in the position of the vessel. Help arriving, a diver goes down and removes the net. A valuable boat and her tow of logs is saved, and goes on her way with, we are sure, kindly thought of the mission boat and missionary.

2. A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS

By T. C. COLWELL

On the *William Oliver*

In these pages we shall hear Mr. T. C. Colwell, M.C., tell, among other things, about his first long missionary journey and the accidents that befell him. Mr. Colwell served for six and a half years at Alert Bay. In 1926 he moved to Keremeos in the Okanagan valley.

My First Trip. On my return from the war in 1919, I found myself in the middle of a church year with no station. Dr. J. H. White, then our Superintendent of Missions, offered me a charge on the prairie unless I wanted to take Alert Bay, which our Church wished to open up as one of our new Marine Missions. The latter seemed the more attractive at that time on account of the likelihood of a new pulp mill starting at Beaver Cove. Preferring to remain with my own Conference, I accepted Marine Mission work about November 1st of that year.

Having had no previous experience on the water except in a row-boat, and no experience with marine engines, Captain Oliver was deputized to give me a few weeks' instruction. We decided on a boat purchased at Bella Bella from Jack Pauline, which was to be delivered at Alert Bay. She finally arrived on January 30th, 1919, and on February 1st she did her first missionary work, three Sunday services,—Nimpkish, the headquarters of a logging



REV. G. B. RIDLAND, OF THE "EDWARD WHITE," AND
MRS. RIDLAND AT AN INDIAN GRAVE, CAPE MUDGE, B.C.



REV. C. E. MOTTE ON THE "BROADCASTER"
BANFIELD, B.C.

concern, with 17 persons present; Alert Bay, 33; and Beaver Cove with 21 in attendance.

On February 3rd we started on our first long trip, heading westerly toward the inner waters of Queen Charlotte Sound. That afternoon we called at Port Rupert, an old Hudson's Bay post, and had a little family worship, as was ever my custom in making calls, whether upon lonely hand loggers or isolated families. We went on to Port Hardy for the night, where we had service again with an attendance of twenty persons.

Our next port was Shushartie, fifteen miles farther on, calling at a cannery, where we took on supplies and met the watchman whom we continued to visit till one day another was in his place: our trusty watchman was dead. He had fought a losing battle with a fatal illness in Vancouver, where he had gone for treatment. That night we called on a little band of the Nahwitti Indians, where we had a splendid service, baptizing five children.

Our next call was at Cascade Harbour, a lonely little place where at that time only two families were living, a young Scotch bride and her ex-soldier husband, and a married brother. They were carrying on a little sawmill. Near them was a family with four children from the States, whom we continued to visit for six years. Eventually I had the joy of receiving every member of the family, except the father, into the Church. But it was too stormy that night to go out, so we remained till the following day. Upon leaving the harbour our troubles

began. Our engine stopped just as we were rounding the rocky point of the harbour, and soon we were almost hard up against the rocks. I got into the row-boat and with a line tried to tow her out into deep water, but a boat thirty-three feet long is not easy to hold against the waves. I pulled hard and long, while Captain Oliver tried to get the engine to start, but in vain. Then he came out and suggested a clever thing; taking the anchor out in the row-boat some distance, we dropped it and then going back to the gas-boat, pulled on the rope until we were well out from the rocky shore. Of course I was excited, my first long trip out, I didn't want to lose my boat at the very commencement of my work. Then I managed to get the engine to start and took a little circle of the Bay to try it out. She seemed all right and so we went on another six miles to a lighthouse known as Scarlet Point, where below the light is a little narrow bight, a very poor excuse for a harbour, and there we dropped our anchor. We rowed ashore, visited the keeper and his wife and family, and held a little service. On leaving, the old engine trouble started again and as it was getting late we decided to return. Night comes early in February on the water. The engine finally stopped and we began to drift. It was like a night in the trenches, a miserable, anxious time in the dense darkness. I had ugly visions of drifting out to sea with the tide. I cranked so hard that for two months I could feel it in my elbow. Finally I got enough kick out of the cylinders to enable us to limp into the harbour.

Winding Up the Anchor Line. Next morning, Saturday, we put off again but had to return. The pump, which pumps water around the cylinders to keep them cool, went wrong and we spent hours trying to fix it, disconnecting pipes and valves, etc. We finally succeeded, but too late to get home for the three services awaiting us on Sunday. Next morning we thought we might get home at least for two of our services, so we rose early and pulled up our anchor, throwing off on a buoy the line of a second anchor borrowed at the lighthouse for the occasion. As we pulled off I was at the wheel and getting too near the sheer rocks on the starboard side I turned the wheel over hard and the tiller system broke, putting the boat out of control! And while I waited wondering what to do I heard a crack as if we had struck a rock and I noticed that although the engine kept going the shaft had stopped. Upon investigation we discovered that our propeller had picked up this drifting anchor-line, winding up the anchor until it finally hit the propeller with a bang. That was the rock! Then we were fast. There was no possibility of unravelling it without beaching the boat, which meant waiting for high tide. We got into our dinghy and towed our gas-boat back into a lagoon astern of us and beached her there at high tide, where finally we were able to repair the damage.

Taking advantage of our enforced delay waiting for the tide, I took our row-boat and visited a lonely family living along the shore. Father and mother, their two children and the grandmother lived there.

We continued to visit them for six years, receiving two by letter into our Church and encouraging them to keep the faith of their fathers even though living in the "ends of the earth." We also held service by request at the lighthouse again. So Sunday passed.

Monday morning at 3.30 a.m. we got up and started off again, never stopping till we reached Alert Bay, a five hours' run.

During the six years that followed we had many similar experiences, but never on any trip were the troubles so severe or numerous as on that first one.

A Welcome Ministry. Prior to my visits there were many homes in my parish that for three, five, ten and a dozen years had never had a minister call, or had never heard a spoken prayer. Before we left, by God's grace, scores of these homes welcomed us and our Christian message. Men who had not been in a church for fifteen years at least allowed us to bend our knees in their shacks or boats and worship the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Once we visited an inlet with over three hundred miles of coast line, the first minister, so far as we know, ever to enter its beautiful waters. In His name we have worshiped God under very varied conditions, with Indians on an open scow being towed away for the fishing season, over the sides of our boat with people in their row-boats or gas-boats, on booms of logs, out on the mountain sides, beside hand-loggers with their

jacks, in cook-houses, bunk-houses and float-houses, everywhere trying to bear our testimony for Him who on the shores of His native sea preached the Gospel of God's redeeming love. In a little house-service on a float we worshiped God with a woman who for over seven years had not had a visit of any clergyman to her home.

Our last year we had the pleasure of baptizing twenty-five little children. During these years I have had the joy of witnessing for our Lord in many and strange ways, always endeavouring to keep the thought of God before the people and nurturing those who in previous years had been taught in the faith of Christ.

During these six and one-half years Mrs. Colwell shared with me the dangers and hardships of the Mission, assisting in every way she could. She was instrumental in the raising of \$1,700 of the funds necessary for a new parsonage at Alert Bay, \$1,500 additional being granted out of the general funds. It is a fine modern building, free of debt. She loves Sunday School work. She gave to it at Alert Bay a great deal of her time and energy.

This marine mission work, I know, constitutes a great charge on our missionary funds, but the ministry made possible to these brave and hardy people on all this wonderful coast and to the little ones, even now, is bearing fruit and will show results in larger measure in the days yet to be. Every home, however isolated, should be the constituency of the Christian Church.

The same is true of our logging camp work; difficult work, and yet the seed sown in the hearts of these loggers—out-of-doors men, strong men, of independent spirit—will be as leaven to leaven the whole lump of humanity.

Normally, in extent, this mission of mine covered about 75 miles of coast along the Vancouver Island shore and inland from Alert Bay towards the mainland shore from 20 to 50 miles. Beyond these extremes on several occasions I have been to the head of Knight's Inlet and to the north of Vancouver Island, a distance of over 120 miles, by water, making important missionary journeys.

In closing these notes, I especially desire to record my gratitude to the all-gracious Father for protecting me in many dangers and safeguarding the interests of Mrs. Colwell and our two little ones, and for the great satisfaction and joy I found in ministering these seven years in the name of Christ, His Son.

3. THE BARCLAY SOUND

By C. E. MOTTE

On the *Broadcaster*

Mr. C. E. Motte's field lies far away from those of the other men. It is difficult of approach. The coast adjacent to Barclay Sound is commonly regarded as one of the most dangerous on our western shores. Let us hear him tell about it.

The Graveyard of the Pacific. Barclay Sound is situated on the west coast of Vancouver Island,

is open to the Pacific Ocean, and is within the area known to seamen as the "graveyard of the Pacific." The entrance from the ocean is seventeen miles wide, its waters are cruelly marked by foam-frothed reefs and dotted with small islands, and its shores are rock-bound. The dangerous nature of these waters is unpleasantly illustrated by the fact that more ships and men have been lost in them than in any other part of the west coast of the American continent.

The main industry on the Barclay Sound is fishing. From January until the end of September a large number of motor boats are engaged in salmon trolling. These boats come from various parts of British Columbia and depart for their homes at the close of the fishing season. Among the islands and along the shores are Indian villages, but the Indians move from place to place, according to the movements of the fish. There are nine fishing plants, which operate mainly from the big chum salmon run in September till the end of the herring season, which closes at the end of February or early in March. At two points only are there any settled communities, and at one of these the population is mainly Japanese. The chief point is Bamfield, where the Pacific Cable Board has its Canadian Pacific station.

There are no roads on this mission field, and the people can only be reached by boat. To meet the spiritual need of the people, the mission boat *Broadcaster* plies these waters. I am skipper,

engineer, crew, and cook, all in one. My parish has a coast-line of 150 miles. The *Broadcaster* is a motor-boat fitted with a 12-18-horsepower Kelvin sleeve-valve engine, is thirty-six feet and six inches in length, and is designed to ride easily on the long heavy swells of the west coast.

In the fishing plants the East and West meet. Fifty per cent. of the employees are Orientals, the others are Indians and white people. Those engaged in the actual fishing are nearly all Scottish fishermen. During the fishing season the fish plants work day and night. The seine boats are not allowed to fish between the hours of 6 p.m., on Saturday and 6 p.m., on Sunday, but that time is used for overhauling their gear and making repairs. This tends to a disregard for the Sunday, and creates a difficulty in holding services. The missionary must ever keep in touch with the fishing plants, visiting the men on their boats, and at their work, and to grasp any opportunity that may present itself to hold public worship. The following may appear a fruitless day's work, but, in the end, the question may be raised, was it?

After a morning service held at Bamfield, the mission boat set sail for San Mateo, a distance of ten miles. The cannery was found to be working at its fullest capacity, with the result that the missionary had to pull out, setting sail again for another fishing plant, five miles further on where he met with the same result. A similar experience was repeated after another journey of fourteen miles,

finally reaching, at 8 p.m., the home of a lonely telegraph linesman where a simple service was held with the husband, wife and two children as the congregation.

"Padre, I just about love you." Keeping in constant touch with the people is an important factor in the work. One man remarked, "Although we cannot get to church, it is a great satisfaction to us to know that you are around." Another said, "I am not a religious man and I have never been inside a church, yet I like your religion." One big rough-looking fellow, whose roughness, like sandpaper, is all on one side, in trying to express his appreciation of the work, remarked in the presence of his mates, "Look here, Padre, I want to tell you that I just about love you."

In spite of adverse circumstances, regular services have been conducted at three centres throughout the winter. At these gatherings Canadians, Europeans, Orientals and Indians have met together in public worship.

"The Lonely Fisherman." The salmon trolling fishermen present a problem in mission work. They fish on Sunday as well as on the other days of the week, with the result that one day becomes the same as another, and soon the Sunday is entirely forgotten. The life of these fishermen is hard and unenviable. On most of the boats there is only one man. Each day they set sail long before sunrise, so that they may reach the fishing grounds at the

break of day. Under ordinary weather conditions, they return to their anchorage early in the evening, where the fish buyers with fish-carrying boats are waiting to purchase the catch. As it is impossible to cook a meal while fishing, the chief meal of the day is then prepared; after which the boats are then cleaned up, the engines attended to, and the fishing gear put in order for the next day. The end of each day finds the fishermen so tired that they are only fit to rest. This monotonous routine continues without a break except for bad weather. Such conditions make it impossible to gather these men together for a service, and the only way of reaching them is by personal visitation on their boats. This kind of work occupies a great deal of time, but it is the most fruitful. The personal talks have over and over again revealed that deep down in the hearts there is a regard for spiritual realities; and the way is thus opened up for making known the relationship between God and the individual, and the need for an intelligent faith.

Caring for the Children. The Indians on this part of the coast are a peculiar people and require special attention. The rising generation are being trained in our mission schools, but the work begun there requires to be followed up. Unfortunately, this is not being done. I visit them when possible, and conduct services whenever they can make the arrangements.

On the whole mission field there are not more

than forty settled homes; and it would take at least one week to visit them all. There are about fifty children of school age, and when they pass their entrance examination, rarely do we see them again as there is no opportunity around their homes to build up a career.

When the church began its work among these children, many of them had not heard of the name of Jesus. Now, every last one of them is specially cared for and a spiritual and moral foundation is laid in each young life, fitting them for the future as well as the present. Every home is visited at least once a month, and each individual kept in touch with. By so doing, circumstances eventually arise which present an opportunity for an entrance for the message of the gospel. The following is an illustration of this: a young Russian, who was at one time a student of Petrograd University, and a political refugee, came to Canada and, with his wife, settled in one of the creeks on the Barclay Sound. He was opposed to religion in any form and had become a materialist. The family was visited regularly by the missionary, and a friendship sprang up which deepened as time went on. Unfortunately, the time came when the family was stricken down by fever, and were placed in quarantine. No one went near the home, and the creek froze up. Alone I broke my way through the ice with supplies and medicine.

When the father and mother had recovered, the youngest child became the victim of dropsy, and was hurried to hospital, a distance of thirty-four miles,

on a fishing boat. A few days later the father stood by his dying boy, while the mother knelt in prayer. The child died, and the brokenhearted father was unable to bring comfort to his wife. Under this hard experience his materialism gave way. He refused to accept the theory that his boy ceased to exist, and before returning home on the mission boat, with tears in his eyes he made the confession that his faith in God was returning.

"Come over and help us." On this lonely western coast the cry is often heard, "Come over and help us." Recently a Christian Japanese pleaded with the missionary to visit some of his people forty miles away. He said, they knew all about money, but nothing about Jesus. Nothing short of a definite arrangement would satisfy him, and this was accordingly made. He arranged for an experienced navigator to help in bringing the mission boat through the dangerous waters that have to be traversed, and himself to act as interpreter.

The mission boat and the services of the missionary and his wife are always at the disposal of the people in time of need. There is no doctor on Barclay Sound and many a sick and accident case have we carried to the nearest doctor and hospital, which is at Port Alberni at the head of the Alberni Canal. In such cases, the services of the missionary's wife are invaluable. While he has the care of the boat, she has the care of the patient. The

missionary's wife plays an important part in visiting the camps along with her husband. Everywhere she is cheerfully received, and treated with the greatest respect. No matter how frontier environment may roughen men, they always show respect for a good woman. The following incident was related in one of the logging camps. A logger told of a discussion which arose about women, their worth and virtue. At the end, one man emphatically exclaimed, "Look here, boys, it is years since I had anything to do with a decent woman, but all the same, I know there are lots of them virtuous and I would give all I have if only one good woman would offer me a cup of tea!"

Among all the obstacles that stand in the way of the work, two at least are well defined; Sunday labour and strong drink. Sunday labour is carried on in the fishing industry. This continuity of labour tends to lower the moral and spiritual fibre of the worker. This is perhaps more clearly seen among the fishermen who have come from Scotland, where things spiritual have been reverenced more, perhaps, than in any other part of the world. In relation to strong drink in British Columbia, Government control of liquor seems to be developing into "Liquor Control of the Government," with the result that the bootlegger has an open door almost everywhere. A continuous fight has been waged against the illicit sale of liquor on the Barclay Sound, and in more than one case the vendor has been forced to leave as the result of the action of the missionary.

With no church buildings, holding services in school-houses, bunk-houses, and under the open canopy of heaven; with no local organization to strengthen his hands and to help in the work, the missionary keeps on keeping on in the face of all difficulties, inspired by the words of his Lord, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end."

4. A TRIP WITH THE *WILLIAM OLIVER* By S. V. H. REDMAN

Fortunately this yarn by Mr. Redman, written for *The United Church Record and Missionary Review* arrived in time to be included in our story and thus enable us to share a voyage on that good ship the *William Oliver*.

"One summer day the *William Oliver* left its home port with its little crew of three, the missionary, who is the engineer, the missionary's wife, who is cook, and her brother, who, in addition to being acting-pilot, has devoted his summer vacation to the cause of the Kingdom in missionary work. After running down Johnstone Straits, with a stiff west wind behind us, we arrive at our destination—a tiny settlement, holding a dozen settlers at the most. They live at various distances, some two miles, some five, others as many as twenty. We learn that the next day will be mail day, when the weekly mail steamer from town is expected, and, as a consequence, most of the settlers will be in for their mail.

A splendid chance to get them all together. Meanwhile, we busy ourselves with those near at hand. We row across the arm of the inlet to the farther shore, where are two families. "My, we *are* glad to see you." One member of the family vies with the other in expression of welcome. We promise to return, after we have visited others, to spend the evening. Meanwhile, my wife has a group of children in the saloon of the mission boat, and is giving them Sunday-School papers and scrap-books, the gifts of children of various Mission Bands in our province, and the expressions of delight remind one of Christmas morning.

A Rare Treat. The time soon comes round for our evening visit, and we put our trusty violin (which is the special property of the lady member of our crew) into the rowboat, along with a goodly supply of music, etc., and we row in the semi-darkness to a pile of rocks, the tide having by this time gone so far out at the landing-place that approach by rowboat was impossible. We scramble over the slippery rocks, and hunt for the trail that leads through the woods to the homestead. We arrive, and, by the dim light of lanterns, we are accorded a second welcome. We find others there, who have rowed over from another section of the inlet to meet the missionary party—there is to be a great time to-night—and there was. We talked, and we sang, and we talked some more, for the missionary had not been there for so long his visit was a rare treat. Finally, at a late hour, we

get away, and row back in the darkness to the mission boat for the night.

Service on the Wharf. The morrow brings us fresh opportunities, for the weekly mail boat has arrived—and gone, and in the meantime the folk have come from all over, some in small gas boats, others in row-boats, and a great surprise awaits them, the United Church Mission boat is in. After the mail is distributed, we have a service. Just as the sun is setting over the mountains, illuminating everything with a rosy light, we gather on the wharf. We take our little portable organ off the boat and place it on the wharf by the freight shed. My wife with her violin and her brother at the organ lead the singing. The little congregation is for the most part seated on the deck of the Mission boat. What better hymn could we open with than "Unto the Hills," and we do sing it. We have prayer, we sing a simple trio and another hymn, "Tell Me the Old, Old Story." We say a few words; then, with a solo and the closing hymn, our little informal service is over. A pressing invitation for us to spend the evening at another home. Our host this time goes many miles in a small gas-boat to bring a lady who lives by herself, who is very lonely, and who craves for music.

We Don't Get This Every Day. So another evening is spent. We sing, and we play, and we sing some more. We sing the old favourite songs, we play some classical music, we sing hymns, and we talk, and

when the suggestion comes that it is time to retire, it is not entertained for a moment. "We don't get this every day," is the universal cry. So we go on some more, and the lady who lives in the lonely place wants us to play and sing far into the night. We eventually get away. Next day, with three farewell blasts on the ship's whistle, we leave them.

Our next stop is at M—— Island. Two or three houses, a hotel, and the inevitable beer parlour, sign of a government's folly. In the course of our visitation here we notice on the table of a modest home *The New Outlook*—a United Church home. We are immediately interested. We promise to return soon, and baptize the new baby. On again we go, this time tying up at a log boom. The little boy of this home sees us, and rows across a little lagoon to get us. We spend an hour or so here, and are off, with a promise to return soon.

We navigate our little craft through tortuous and winding waterways, through narrow channels, along inlets that look for all the world like Norwegian fjords, and look—in the distance—a fishing fleet. We are approaching again Johnstone Straits and the fishing grounds. A number of our Alert Bay people are there with their little fishing craft, seeking the "silver harvest of the sea." The fish buying station affords a place to tie up, and there we converse with the fishermen, and cheer them a little, for this year the salmon fishing industry has been hard hit with a poor run of fish.

Your Work Is Worth While. There is a woman, we are told, that lives in yonder house, but "you will have to walk the boom." Nothing daunted, we walk the boom, consisting of rolling logs, the lady member of the party as well, for to meet another woman is a benediction to these lonely souls. Over a friendly cup of tea we chat; more Sunday-school papers are given out, and we depart for our home port after having been away for nearly a week. In my pocket I have a small envelope our host of an evening or two before passed to me on the quiet. What does it contain? A cheque for twenty-five dollars for the Maintenance Fund. For, he says, "Your work is worth while." These expressions of appreciation, so tangible, yet unsolicited, speak volumes for the appeal of the United Church of Canada on this lonely and rugged coastline. We arrive in port again for our week-end services, and a little while for rest, and then off again to do the Master's bidding.

5. TEN DAYS OF IT BY GEORGE C. F. PRINGLE *On the Sky Pilot*

My plan in entering on this mission seven years ago was first to get acquainted with my people and learn their real needs, and then go ahead and do any right thing, without limit, as long as I could do it or get it done, to supply those needs. For example, I found that they needed to have good, wholesome



"TWA BRITHERS"

On the left, Dr. John Pringle; on the right, Rev. G. C. F.
Pringle, of the United Church Marine Mission,
Captain of the "Sky Pilot"



DR. DARBY AND STAFF, LARGE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL,
BELLA BELLA, B.C.



CALLING ON A PIONEER FAMILY AT HURST ISLAND,
QUEEN CHARLOTTE SOUND, B.C.

literature placed within their reach. After these years of begging and planning I have now fifty-eight free lending libraries, and the number is increasing, circulating among the settlements and more permanent camps, besides a dozen libraries for children in backwoods schools. The "regular" libraries contain over 6,000 volumes, cloth bound and in good condition. Also I have over 7,000 books in "discard" lots scattered about in camps where it is impossible to keep track of books. These discards are first-class reading, but the book itself is not in good enough shape as regards binding, etc., to put into my regular libraries. Everything is absolutely free, no charges, deposits, or penalties, no "distinction of persons."

Every child that I know of in my district, where there may be no little Sunday School, if it can read, is getting a good Sunday School paper sent through the mail regularly and consecutively. There must be more than 400 of these. Then I have about 500 children on my unorthodox Cradle Roll, black, white, brown and yellow, and mixed. They represent, I suppose, every main religion on the face of the earth, occidental and oriental. They get the regular birthday cards and then when five years old a Bible story book is sent, with a box of crayons for the boys and a yard or two of pretty ribbon for the girlies. All this kind of work is done by faithful friends in Vananda and Vancouver. Outstanding among these consecrated helpers are Miss Adelaide Sutherland, Miss Jessie Robertson, Miss Mary

McBeath, Miss Jean Sheepy, Mrs. Borroughs, Mrs. McKemmie, Mr. W. J. Hogg, and Mr. W. C. Cranston. -

Of course I preach and administer all the regular ordinances of the church. Last year I held twelve Communion services at as many small settlements. But besides the usual things that I am properly expected to do, there are a thousand other honourable ministries of mercy, helpfulness, and happiness that must not be overlooked no matter how humble, bizarre, or difficult they may be. What these are you will have to try to imagine after I tell you a story or two. Even then with all your imaginings there are many things that we find to do for our people that you would never think of, nor would I have guessed them if I had not actually stumbled upon them in my rounds. Of course you can do more for people who live in out-of-the-way places, far from stores, hospitals, and towns, than you can for folks who live where everything they can need or want is right at hand. On this mission field it is easier than anywhere else I have ever been to find hundreds of simple, homely ways to give people help that they actually need and for which they are very grateful.

Now let me weave some true incidents together, mixed in with the necessary small amount of description of people and places so that you get the "atmosphere." I'll call the yarns, "Ten Days of It." I've had seven years of it and like it, so you ought to be able to stand ten days of it!

All Aboard for the Trip. One fine Monday morning, late in November, my engineer and I climbed aboard the *Sky Pilot* lying in Marble Bay, the Vananda "harbour," tuned up our good Acadia engine and headed out into the strait. We had a supply of "grub" aboard, a hundred and fifty gallons of distillate in our stern storage tank, a sturdy boat and an engine that could handle it, so nothing but accident could spoil our plans for a ten-day trip to logging camps and settlements.

An hour or two of steady chugging through a sea that was just rough enough to make it interesting and we ran alongside the float in the sheltered booming ground of one of the big logging camps operating on the north side of Malaspina Strait. I got off the boat, leaving my man in charge, and was soon riding in the cab of an oil-burning locomotive, Roy Tole driving and Scotty Mitchell firing, pulling a load of "empties" on the logging railway up the mountain side to the woods camp, twelve miles away, where 150 men were at work falling, bucking, yarding, and loading the logs. I haven't room to tell you much about the camps. Conditions in them are much improved to what prevailed before the war. There is now abundant good food, usually well cooked, hot and cold shower baths, decent sanitation, single-tier bunks, roomier bunk-houses, and sometimes nice recreation and reading-rooms. As a whole the camp life is much more comfortable than it used to be a few years ago. On the other hand I find a lack of acquaintanceship between the owner

and his men that used to be in evidence in the camps in the old "bull-team" days. Then the owner was usually a logger. He worked with his men and knew them personally. The industry has developed in the usual way until now the logging outfits are mostly owned by big companies. The worker rarely, if ever, sees the men he works for, and the owners for their part have little, if any, personal knowledge of their employees or interest in them other than figuring them in as necessary "cost units." Another change is the large number of foreigners in the camps. Every language of Europe is spoken in the bunk-houses now. In old days Gaelic and French were about the only languages other than English, that you would hear used. The barriers that these different tongues have raised among the men tend to suspicion, aloofness, and bad feeling among them. It makes my work much more difficult. If it is sometimes a serious problem to win the confidence of men who understand what you say, what about it when neither you nor the other fellow can do anything more than look at each other and smile (at least the missionary smiles)!

The Loggers and the Humming-bird's Nest. But to go on with my story. After dinner I tagged along with the fellows out to their work. When I got out I noticed a clump of trees that had been left standing by themselves. I recollect ed seeing them there on a previous visit early that spring. On that occasion I had asked the foreman why they had been

left. He took me over to them, reached up and carefully pulled down a branch to the level of our eyes, and there, woven into the twigs, was a hummingbird's nest. The little lady was on the eggs. The cock bird was darting excitedly about our heads. "The high-rigger and I," said the boss, "were out here looking for a good spar tree. This tree was strong enough and central. He started to climb when we noticed these two birds fluttering around. Then we found this nest partly built. So we decided to leave the newly-weds to finish their housekeeping arrangements. We went over there to that tree we're using now and worked out that other way. It doesn't give us as good a 'show,' but I guess there would have been a riot in camp if we had disturbed that lady and gentleman." This foreman had the reputation of being "rough, tough, and hard to handle." Perhaps he was. But you can say it. I won't. He changed his logging plans, involving two or three days' delay, the choice of an inferior location, as well as the loss of a few good logs, rather than interfere with a pair of nesting birds.

A Sermon in the Cook-house. That November evening I managed to inveigle a half-hundred work-weary loggers into the cook-house "to get their medicine" in the form of a sermon. Five years before I had paid my first visit to this camp. Nobody knew me. I had as yet made no friends in the camps. I was just a "preacher," and I can assure you that that is a handicap to you here at the start.

Well, that first time going around announcing the service I went into one of the bunk-houses. I stood inside, near the door, lifted up my voice, and in my most dulcet tones said, "Men, my name is George Pringle. I am a Presbyterian preacher. I'm going to give a little talk in the cook-house about seven o'clock. I invite you all to come, if you care to, when the gong rings." A big fellow, lying on a bunk near, called out in a resounding voice, "Are you through talking?" I said, "Yes, I only wanted to invite you to my meeting." "I didn't ask you what you said," he shouted, "I want to know if you are through?" "Yes," I replied, "I am." "Well then," he thundered, "we're not coming to hear your nonsense. So please get to hell out of this, and jump to it!" This man is one of my friends now, a good fellow, and if you knew the peculiar circumstances that made me an especially irritating guest that particular evening, you, too, would understand and forgive. He has often come out to hear my "nonsense." But these rough bumps, lots of them in various kinds, were what I got that first year. That's all past now, and everywhere I go, in the logging camps, I get the kindest treatment and every chance to make good if I have it in me. If on any occasion I fail to "deliver the goods" I am to blame, not the loggers.

When I preach to these friends of mine I do the straightest talking and the clearest reasoning that I am capable of. I wouldn't dare to do otherwise than to speak straight from my heart, without pose,

subterfuge, or evasion. I learned my lesson in the old Klondike days, that if a preacher intends to live among the men it's no use trying to "put up a front" when he preaches. If you do you will either have to quit, or they will quit you. Nor can I ever forget that I am speaking to men who are carrying a heavy load. Their work is by far the most dangerous in this Province. They are living in unnatural bunk-house conditions. They are far from home, if they have one. They are always specially tempted when they go to the city when the camp closes.

"It is easy to tell the toiler
How best to carry his pack.
But no one can rate
A burden's weight,
Until it has been on his back.

"It is easy to sit on horseback
And counsel the man on foot.
But get down and walk,
And you'll change your talk,
When you feel the peg in your boot."

White or Black. At this meeting I noticed an old man who was a stranger to me. He was apparently hard of hearing, for he cupped his hand behind his ear as I spoke. When I was through I asked one of the men the old man's name and was told it was Black. Black came up to me afterwards and slipped a five-dollar bill into my hand, and said, "I couldn't hear much of your talk to-night, but it was about Christ and that's what we need. I am a

Roman Catholic but we have the same Christ." I said, "Your name is Black?" "Well," he answered, "they call me Black, but that is not my name. I am a French Canadian and my name is LeBlanc." It's a parable, isn't it? You know, of course, that the French word "blanc," sounds something like our word "black" and really means "white." Haven't you and I listed many a man as black when he was really white?

What Is Religion? Before the meeting I had put up a notice on the outside of the wash-house with this nervy inscription on it,

WHAT IS RELIGION?
AND
WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

A Straight, Swift Answer

In the Cook-house this evening when
the gong rings

GEORGE PRINGLE

I wonder if you would care to hear what I said to those loggers? I'll take a chance and give you just a short, simple outline of it.

The first question was answered by the illustration of "Hole-in-the-wall Johnston," a "faller" well known to them. He is a vigorous, hearty, and happy man of sixty-five, and an expert with the axe. One of those men, of whom there are hundreds in the woods here, who can fell a two-hundred-and-fifty-foot tree and have it drop just where he wants it, to a foot. This is done right along as a part of the

day's work. They drop these giants in the place selected as nicely, and seemingly as easily, as a woman would set the dishes on the table for dinner. I have seen them throw a double-bitted axe a hundred feet and have it stick in a tree with the handle up or down, just as you wished! Johnston has lived in bunk-houses for years. It isn't a pleasant life; ten to twenty men of different temperaments and habits thrown together in one big room for months. There is no privacy and many other irritating features about it. Johnston has found a way of escape. He cuts a hole about a foot square in the board wall of the bunk-house at the head of his bunk, nails a piece of mosquito netting over it outside. He then tacks a piece of thick, clean, heavy canvas around the hole on the inside. This canvas is so shaped that it fits loosely but securely over his pillow. When he wants to turn in for the night he gets under the blankets and tucks the canvas around his head. Then the others can keep their lights burning, or talk, or snore, but it doesn't bother him. The air in the bunk-house may be close and impure but it doesn't matter to Johnston. He is breathing pure air all night long. He wakes in the morning rested, refreshed and ready for his day's work.

Mankind has always shown an ineradicable longing to escape from the "bunk-house of life," its sin, sorrow, worries, burdens, and death. Religions of all types are just the holes cut through the walls of the world of sense in an effort to escape if only for a little while, and to gain strength for our burdens.

Sometimes the hole has been cut over a slop-place outside and the air breathed was destructive of soul and body, sometimes the hole has been so heavily ornamented inside and made so difficult of access that very little fresh air got in and the ordinary man couldn't get to it. But, nevertheless, all religions were developed in answer to that demand, that longing, which can never be eliminated from the nature of mankind, the search of the human heart for purity, peace, and life.

The Two Roads. Now Christianity satisfies that longing with a completeness that no other religion is capable of. "Yes," you say, "but what is Christianity?" Let's make it a picture in which the essentials are just two roads. Down one of these roads comes the Love of God to bring us back home where we belong. It means that the Father-Love of God protects with absolute safety the man who, in faith, "turns his face towards home and his back on the evil of his life." The other road is the common road of daily life where men grow weary, wander, stumble, and get into the ditch. Christ demands that we help them.

One of these roads is the parable of the Prodigal Son, and the other road is the parable of the Good Samaritan. There is a whole lot more in the picture than that, but the picture is not Christian unless it has the two roads, and is Christian if it has them, no matter what else may be left out.

The frame of the picture is the Church, its

creeds, organizations, forms and ceremonies. The frame is the religion "about" Jesus, the picture is the religion "of" Jesus. A proper frame brings out a picture more clearly, helps you to appreciate its meaning and its beauty. But a frame, if too deep, ornate, or unsuitable, may hurt or even spoil the whole effect of a good picture. So it is with the religion of Jesus, the religion of the two roads. Now I cannot tell exactly where the frame-line ends and the picture begins, but I see the distinction and, if I had to choose between a picture without a frame and one with a frame that hides the picture or distorts it to ugliness, I wouldn't hesitate to choose the picture unframed, provided I could see in it the two roads.

After I got through my preaching, we sang a hymn and had the benediction. Then someone called for a recitation. "Well," I said, "you've taken your medicine without squirming, so I'll give you a 'chaser' in the form of a Klondike recitation entitled, 'The Song of the Parson's Son'." I went at it "hammer and tongs" and when I got through they gave me a real hearty round of applause. Then without much delay we went off to our bunks. The rising gong in these camps always rings, it seems to me, in the middle of the night before I've had half enough sleep.

People We Meet. Next morning I was off down the beach, aboard my boat, and headed out, before dinner. Our destination was Pender Harbour, which

we reached late in the afternoon. Three or four days were spent there with meetings and visiting. Perhaps the most interesting group of people anywhere in my territory is found in the Pender Harbour communities. Dames and Gonsalves run the store at Irvine's Landing in the Harbour. They house one of the two free lending libraries I maintain in that district. Theodore Dames is a Lett from the city of Riga. He reads and speaks four languages with ease, Russian, German, English, and his own Latvian tongue. He reads Immanuel Kant and Karl Marx in the original, enjoys Shakespeare in English, and is in touch pretty well with the best in literature and philosophy, ancient and modern. His partner, Joseph Gonsalves, is a Spaniard from Madeira who has been in Canada many years. He was one of the original squatters in Stanley Park, Vancouver. Both men made their first "stakes" by fishing. They then left the sea for the land, buying some acreage and opening a store. Their place was at one time a rendezvous for fishermen but is now principally a supply centre for the neighbouring logging camps and settlers. In the warm weather they also get a revenue from summer visitors. James Messenger, an aged Londoner who keeps the store accounts, had been at one time a solicitor's clerk in England and has met on intimate terms some of Britain's greatest jurists. He stands high in Freemasonry, probably no one in this province has had the same honours. He was in charge of the deacons in Albert Memorial Hall when, with

magnificent and solemn ceremonial, King Edward VII was made Master of the Grand Lodge of England. Messenger has an exact memory and often gives us delightful entertainment with his reminiscences. There is Mr. Drummond-Wolfe, too, an old gentleman of the finest culture. His father was Sir Henry Drummond-Wolfe, noted British ambassador in the Balkans and in Turkey. Captain Armstrong and Captain Bosworth-Martin are both Englishmen of high type. They served with distinction in the Great War, suffering severe wounds. Captain Armstrong is the son of Lord Armstrong, head of the big British ship-building firm of Armstrong and Company in the north of England. Miss Collins and her two sisters are from India, where their people held important positions in the British government service. Bertrand Sinclair, the novelist, has his home in the Harbour. Stewart Edward White, Robert Pinkerton, and other authors of repute make rendezvous with him there for some weeks every year.

At "Hard Scrabble." Across the harbour and close to the sea there is a settlement locally called "Hard Scrabble." It is composed of half-a-dozen Scottish families, herring fishers, first-class people with their bonnie blue-eyed bairns about them. Alexander Smith, elderly but hale and hearty, is the head of the clan. Twenty years ago Smith was master and owner of the steel steam herring drifter *Nellie*, a fine 80-foot vessel of 79 tons. It was the

first steel steam drifter out of Lossiemouth in Scotland. He did well with this boat, sold it, and invested in a much larger vessel, a Grimsby trawler, the pride of the port. In this boat he followed the fish for several years clear round the British Isles, with occasional trips to Iceland. But bad luck overtook him with the trawler. Rather than carry on, as his creditors urged, for another year or two, he turned over everything to them, paid all his debts to the last farthing, and with what little was left he came, with his family, to Canada to start all over again. Around him are gathered the McKays, Camerons, Kerrs, and Simpsons. They and their wives keep alive the best traditions of their forefathers, cherishing high ideals in education and religion. They have a little day-school for their children. Sunday school is also held, with an occasional church service at the convenience of the missionary.

A Blue-Nose Skipper. One could write pages about these folk, a temptation I must resist. But I cannot refrain from giving Captain Murdoch Morrison more than just a passing word. To mention that Mrs. Morrison, his good wife, is an Edinburgh woman of education and refinement is to say enough for those who know what those words connote. The Captain is from Pictou, Nova Scotia. He went to sea when a boy and worked up to be master of a schooner. Years ago he was making a trip with a cargo of salt-cod to Genoa, Italy.

Crossing the Bay of Biscay they got into dirty weather. It was necessary to run before the wind, which grew so violent it carried away the bit of canvas they were carrying for steerage-way. Morrison was at the wheel, lashed to it, and with him a young 'prentice lad named Gunn. The immense waves were pounding the ill-fated ship and fast wrecking her. At last a great mountain of water broke on her stern, swept across her decks, and foundered her. Gunn was carried away and lost. Morrison's leg was nearly torn off. He was able to break free from the sinking craft. Three of the crew managed to right one of the small boats, bale it out, and keep it afloat. They picked up Morrison. His leg was hanging by the skin to the thigh. They cut it loose from the body and bandaged the cruel wound as best they could, dousing it with sea water to disinfect it and reduce inflammation. For seven days they floated on the storm-swept sea at the mercy of wind and waves, save for the oars they had. They had always kept a keg of fresh water and some ship's biscuits securely fastened in the stern of their life-boats. It helped to save their lives. Their suffering, especially that of Morrison, could hardly be put into words. On the seventh day they made land near a French village. They were well-treated by the villagers, got to a seaport, and all but the skipper took ship for Canada. He lay in hospital for months, his life despaired of by the French physicians. But he rallied and through long weeks he bravely struggled back to life. At last he

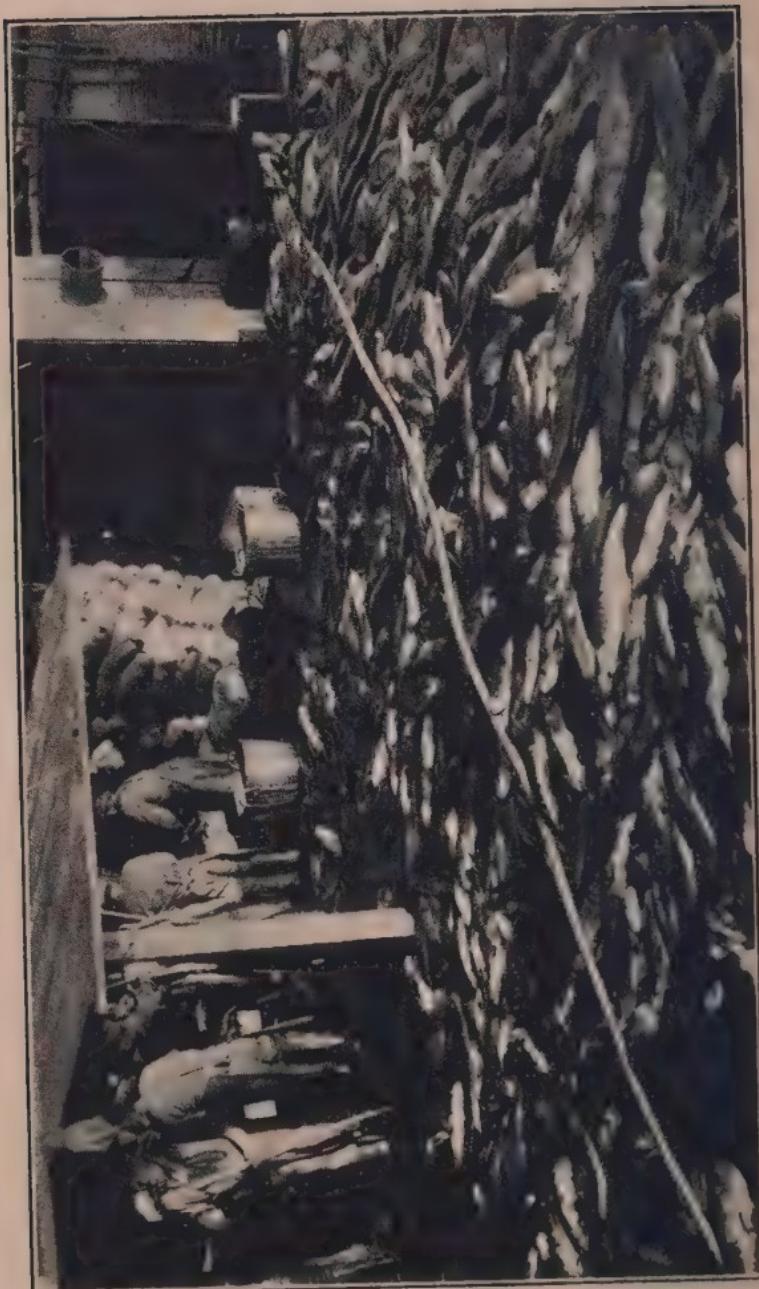
became strong enough to be brought back to Halifax. There he was placed under the skilful care of Dr. Stewart, and, in time, with wooden stump and crutch, he stood on the bridge again and carried on for years as a competent master of sailing vessels. Now he spends his declining years in a cottage by the sea in this quiet cove. He acts as harbour-master and Justice of the Peace. No one holds the respect of us all more fully than the brave old "bluenose" skipper. But we must leave these good friends.

A Lonesome Tragedy. From Irvine's Landing it took us about four hours down Malaspina Strait, across the head of the Gulf of Georgia, and through Sabine Channel before we entered Tucker Bay, Lasqueti Island. There we dropped anchor and I went ashore. On Sunday and Monday I planned to hold my usual three meetings: False Bay, Tucker Bay, and Squitty Bay. Only two of these were held. On Sunday before the Tucker Bay meeting, one of the men, in walking near the shore where the brush had been burnt, had come upon the ghastly sight of the body of a man long dead. It was easily identified as that of Rodie, a shack-dweller who used to log and fish about the island. He had disappeared three months before. Careful search for weeks failed in results. It was finally agreed that he had fallen into the water and drowned. The search was given up. Recent fires had burnt the brush away and his remains were thus uncovered.

The matter had now to be reported to the police.



TOTEM POLE AT GRAVE OF CHIEF WALKUS, ALERT BAY, B.C.
(The Chief belonged to the NIMPKISH tribe and was blind, as shown by the blind figures on the pole.)



A CATCH OF DOG SALMON ON COOK'S WHARF, ALERT BAY, B.C.

No steamboats called then at Lasqueti, nor is there any telegraph communication. Word would have to be taken to the authorities by boat. There were white-caps all over the straits and no boat was immediately available but the *Sky Pilot*, strong enough to safely cross the Gulf of Georgia in such rough weather. We undertook the job and cancelled the Squitty Bay services. It took us five hours to get to Nanaimo and we had lots of ups and down in that time! There we stayed all night. Early in the morning we pulled out with Constable Mustart and Coroner Hickling aboard. It was smooth going that day. By nightfall we were back again in Nanaimo with our task of investigation completed.

It was found that Rodie had been subject to fainting spells from a weak heart. While working at slashing a new trail near his house he had evidently felt one of these dizzy spells coming and had crept into a shady place under some brush. There he had died. Nobody knew whence he came, or where his relations were. His life history was absolutely unknown. He seemed to be "a piece of driftwood" washed ashore by who knows what adverse circumstances or turn of fate. There are many such along our Northern shores whose past is a closed book even to their best friends here.

A Nasty Trip. Next morning we faced the Gulf again in a sloppy sea. At Tucker Bay there was a letter awaiting me brought across Sabine by young Reginald Brown. He had left the letter and rowed

off home again. The Browns were a young couple who had just been out a twelve-month from London, England. Their parents had seen an advertisement of a Canadian homestead for sale, a hundred and sixty acres gently sloping to the sea on Texada Island fifty miles out from Vancouver. The price was a thousand dollars. They bought it. There are truly one hundred and sixty acres, but only a goat could travel on them with comfort. Perhaps there is one arable acre, the rest is a precipice. The acre is a narrow strip by the shore at the far point of Texada and the mountains rise sheer behind it. The whole thing wasn't worth fifty Mexican dollars even to an extravagant man. There is no landing from the ocean except by small boat, no shelter where you could harbour a little launch, no roads, not even a trail, no neighbour on the island nearer than ten miles, ten miles of almost impassable mountain wilderness, and no market for anything they might try to raise on their patch of poor, rocky soil. The post office and nearest people are four miles away by boat at Tucker Bay on Lasqueti Island. It was an unpleasant situation for anyone, but for these Londoners, wholly unskilled in facing such conditions, it was hopeless. It almost developed into tragedy. The note read, "Our baby Mary has been ill so many weeks and is getting so much worse that we are alarmed for her. Could you please take us somewhere on the *Sky Pilot* to a doctor?" We both could and would. Even then a nebulous plan commenced to form in my mind, once I got them away

from that miserable piece of desert, of somehow making it impossible for them to return.

It was afternoon of a short winter day and we wasted no time in getting across to Brown's. They saw us coming and when we got as close in as we dared go they came out in an unsafe little craft to board us. Big waves were rolling and I confess that my heart seemed to go up and down with their "walnut shell" as it rose and fell with the waves. But we got them safely aboard. We tied their dug-out on behind and headed out. I put them safely down in our little cabin and told them that in an hour we would be having heavy seas almost abeam, that they had better get the pillows and quilts and sit or lie on the floor and "hang on to something." I made everything fast, closed the hatch, and went forward into the pilot house with my engineer. I took the wheel while he "nursed" the engine.

For five hours we tumbled through, under, and over the billows, thankful for the daylight that remained. The coming on of darkness worried us when we could not so well judge the waves nor see possible drifting logs. It was dark and dirty, we were both dog-tired, the Browns were sick and weary, when we rounded the upper end of Texada Island and saw away across Malaspina Strait the electric lights of Powell River.

For half-an-hour, sheltered by Texada, we had an easier time, then we had to come out in the open to go the eight miles to our city of refuge. The sou'easters blew right up Malaspina Strait. I had to

quarter into the waves to make it endurable, and even at that our passengers must have had a bad time of it. I was deeply thankful my boat was staunch and seaworthy, my Acadia engine reliable, and my engineer skilful and experienced. At last we got into the shelter of Grief Point and ran down in quiet waters to Powell River. The chemicals used by the Powell River paper mill in making sulphide pulp gives the waterfront at times a strong smell which is indistinguishable from rotten eggs. Well, this was one time when the smell of bad eggs was to me as sweet and welcome as the perfume of roses!

When Mrs. Brown got off and could speak she said: "That was a very nasty trip, for I'm not a good sailor, but I was happy all the time to think that I was going some place to have my baby cared for; some place, too, where there are other people besides ourselves. I would have gone crazy down on our ranch."

I took them up to the hospital, where Dr. Marlatt examined the baby. Its condition had become serious through prolonged inflammation of the bowels. Another day and it would probably have been beyond help. You will be glad to know it all had a satisfactory ending. The baby recovered. I told Dr. Marlatt their story. He was sympathetic and found Brown a job at his trade in Powell River. They went back to their ranch only once and that was to get their furniture and bring it up to the paper-mill town. There they live in congenial

surroundings. Another baby has come and they are all healthy and happy.

That night neither skipper nor engineer needed the gentle rocking of the *Sky Pilot*, tied up at the breakwater, to lull them to sleep. Next day we went home to wife and children at Vananda, there to do my chores, visit my neighbours, answer my letters, and get ready in due course for another trip to other points.

CHAPTER V

Yarns Old and New

Some of the yarns spun by the skippers of our missionary boats in days past are too good to lose, and with the consent of the authers they are here told over again as they were originally given in the pages of *The United Church Record and Missionary Review*, together with several new yarns waiting in the locker of the *Record* for publication.

CHRIST, OUR LIGHT-KEEPER

BY REV. R. C. SCOTT, B.A.

Queen Charlotte, B.C., Captain of the *Thomas Crosby*.

I had a most interesting experience at one of the lighthouses at which we called. The light is situated on the pathway of vessels north and southbound from Prince Rupert. It was a Sunday afternoon and we were able to make a call between morning and afternoon services. The light-keeper was an old sea-captain, and everything about him bespoke the man of order and efficiency. We talked of many things, and then, quite naturally, our conversation turned to books and reading and, finally, because of some of the titles of books which I had seen, I said: "You surely must be a Christian." He answered: "Yes," and then told me the story. He said it had happened the winter before, when a violent storm was raging outside. For three days and two nights

he had been in constant attendance on the light and fog-horn apparatus (without sleep). He was utterly weary. During the last night, when it was snowing and blowing, he could hear the vessels tooting their whistles, some of them evidently north-bound, stealing through the darkness and the snow-storm, cautiously feeling their way along the coast. Some, again, had given up the attempt and had swung in behind the light and were riding at anchor. Then, in his weariness, the thought came to the light-keeper, "They are all depending on you: why do you not depend on Christ?" "Right there," said he, "I asked Him to accept me and to help me, and He did." The old man's eyes filled with tears, but in a moment our conversation was renewed and a new sense of the meaning of Scripture came to me—"Our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ." Needless to say, I left the lighthouse with an added impulse to do my best in the cause of the One who still, as of yore, meets the deepest needs of men's hearts.

THE SKY PILOT AND THE SKOOKUMCHUCK

BY GEORGE C. F. PRINGLE, B.A.,

Vananda, B.C., Captain of the *Sky Pilot*.

On the Pacific coast, sixty miles out from Vancouver, west by north, there is an isolated district called Skookumchuck. There a mighty tidal river half a mile long and two hundred yards wide roars out and in, alternately, between Sechelt and Jervis

Inlets. In the Chinook jargon, "skookum" means strong and "chuck" means water, hence the name of this turbulent, dangerous, salt-water river. The mountainous, forest-clad land around it gets its name from these tidal rapids, and is also called the Skookumchuck.

A First Visit. Some years ago I went up Jervis Inlet on the *Sky Pilot* to visit for the first time the dozen or so families living along these lonely shores. It was a four-hour run from my home port, Vananda, before we got within sound of the roaring Chuck. It was still a mile away, but we proceeded cautiously with many careful looks at our chart until we reached Wray's little landing and tied up to the float there. I went ashore and got details from Mr. Wray about the location of the different homes in the district, and then set out, rowing close along the shore in my dinghy, to visit them. Some lived so near the sea the high tides would come up to their doorsteps. Others had their homes a few hundred yards or so back in the woods. The morning passed and I had called at three or four shacks, getting acquainted with the people and they with me, never talking religion unless they asked me to, and then very briefly. Such conversations would develop naturally in days to come when we got to know each other better, for I feel that personal religion is too intimate a matter to talk about easily with a passing stranger.

"No Use for Preachers." About dinner-time I came to Fisher's cabin (that's not his real name, but it will do). He was outside with his two sons coming up from the shore where they were mending their nets. I told him who I was. "Well," he said, "I have absolutely no use for preachers," and he proceeded to elaborate the idea with arguments that at least did not lack emphatic statement. I must admit, too, that there was a whole lot of truth in what he said. But I didn't take up the gage of battle, I offered a joke or two and said we wouldn't argue about it just then, and after a little conventional chat started on my way. But he stopped me and asked if I'd had my dinner. When I told him I hadn't he wouldn't let me go without sharing their simple meal in their humble home. When we were seated around the table I asked him if I might say grace. But that was too much for one who had posed emphatically at home and abroad as an aggressive atheist. "No, no!" he said, "I don't want any of your superstitious incantations at my table. The food will do you as much good and will taste as good without that silly tomfoolery. Go ahead and eat." I silently asked my own blessing although I was in anything but a pious frame of mind. During the dinner I got started telling stories of the Klondike creeks where long ago I spent nearly eleven years. The stories "took" and it was two hours after dinner that Mrs. Fisher broke in on the talk to tell us to sit back from the table for she wanted

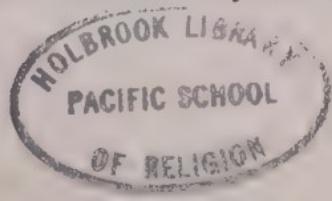
to get her dishes washed and her work done. I left almost right away. They all followed me out and down the trail with the friendliest words and hearty invitation to come back. As we parted Fisher said, "I like you. You're not the least bit like a preacher."

Hungry for Friendship. This change in the attitude of the Fishers needs no explanation. There was no strange magic used in it. They were just plain starving for a new line of talk. I was a circus to them after they forgot about me being a preacher. They were really hungry for entertainment, the human touch, friendship. And I am thoroughly convinced that this little yarn illustrates the principal line my ministry here must take if I am to be of any real use besides sending in regular reports to my committee. I must put my mind to the task of searching out ways of making their lives brighter, cheering them, softening their hearts, worming my way into their confidence so that some day they will let me help them in more serious and vital ways, getting them to look upon me as a true and trustworthy friend. Then I must needs get busy and act the friend up to my limit, being "coached" in this by the Greatest Expert in friendship that humanity has ever known.

A Wedding in the Home. Well, three years afterwards, during which time I had always been a welcome visitor at Fishers', their only daughter asked me to officiate at her wedding. The ceremony

was held in their shack. The prayers that I offered then were the first that had ever been spoken aloud in that house. Now the legal forms that have to be filled in about the marriage require that the religious denomination of the bride be stated. So I asked her what I would put down. She asked me what my church was. I replied "Presbyterian." "Well," she said, "I don't know what Presbyterian really means, I'm not sure how you spell it, but if *you* are one that's good enough for me."

"Very Fine Folk." But I would be wronging these people of mine along these shores if I gave you the notion they were all opposed to the Church or ignorant of what the Church stands for. Many of them are sincere and intelligent believers. They are really, in general, very fine folk. Mostly they are remarkably well informed on public affairs and questions of world-wide interest. Also they are often very evidently given to thinking things out for themselves. Perhaps their isolation explains that. Anyway you can't "put over" any kindergarten stuff with them. The Fisher attitude is unusual (although not at all rare), but I told their story because it brings out clearly what I find everywhere here, in greater or less degree, that common Christian kindness seasoned with ordinary tact, friendship, as near as I can as Christ exemplified it, will in time break through nearly all the barriers. A peculiar thing about this mission, too, is the fact that to state you are a preacher counts very little in your favour



(often indeed counts against you) in getting an introduction. They are almost all "from Missouri" and you have to "show them" that you are genuine, and that you have indeed a worthwhile contribution to make to their lives. But once you are accepted on that basis the rest is comparatively easy.

With this relationship existing between people and missionary it isn't long before the desire to serve takes visible form. Of course we do the regular things like preaching, burying, marrying and baptizing, but beyond these there is great variety of service that I haven't space to even indicate.

"Hundreds of Lonely Families." Now I must "commence to stop." I have told you only one story about the settlers and fishermen. I have barely mentioned the logging camps and it would take a whole magazine to tell about them.

Along the mainland shores and its myriad adjacent islands from Vancouver to the Alaskan boundary there are hundreds of just such lonely families living separately or in diminutive settlements, with many logging camps. Behind them is the vast, almost impenetrable wilderness of the Coast Range, where wander only cougar, wolf, bear, and other wild animals of the mountains. In front lies the ocean, and around them on all sides of their little clearings gather the gloom and menace of our giant forests. Doesn't your heart go out to them? Often they are almost entirely dependent on the rare visits of one of our half-dozen missionaries, working 3,000 miles of

coast-line, for help to a wider outlook on life, a word of cheer, a book to read, some other talk than timber, fish and gas-boats, and the hearing again of that sweet old message in which commercial standards and material values are ignored and the things which are invisible and eternal are disclosed and uplifted.

These are my people, and anything I can do with my boat, my hands and feet, my voice, my pen, my influence and example, in the name of Christ, to smooth their road, guide their thoughts, or ease their burdens, these things I must strive to do or prove false to my Master.

A FIRE AT SEA

From the Log of the *Edward White*

The *Edward White* is one of the ships of our United Church navy on the British Columbia coast. This tragic story is from the pen of our missionary, Rev. R. C. Scott.

"Yes, we find the trail of the Serpent on the Marine Mission work of our Church, and it is not that of the sea-serpent, of which mariners to strange waters tell. Rather it is that of the too-well-known and everywhere reprehensible serpent of booze. Here in British Columbia we are not supposed to know anything about 'home brew,' as Government sale is supposed to have efficiently done away with the making and drinking of home-made liquors and have made the bootlegger a faint and far-away figure

dimly silhouetted against the horizons of the Atlantic seaboard or somewhere off the coast of Mexico, but no longer to be found anywhere in our fair Province. Well, one day not so very long ago, I received a telephone message asking me to come to one of the islands to the east the next day and conduct a funeral service.

“**Home Brew!**” “Upon going over, I learned the facts of the case. The poor fellow whom I was to bury had been home over the week-end and, with a friend, had spent the time in drinking ‘home brew’ which his wife had made for him after much threatening of what he would do if she did not make it. Sunday evening he and his friends started back to their work in a neighbouring logging camp, but, being befuddled with the drink, they did not know how to handle the engine of their gas-boat as they should, and, consequently, it broke down and they drifted round for some time. Having lots of their comfort along, they kept on drinking until they were overcome and lay down in drunken stupor in the drifting boat. Some time after, at nearly high tide, the boat went ashore, all unknown to the drunken men aboard her. Through the night, so the supposition is from the survivor, who really could not tell what actually did happen, the older man wakened up and, being thirsty, lit a match either to find the jug containing their liquor, or to light his pipe, and, instantly, there was an explosion and the boat was filled with flames. His cries wakened his companion who,

being more used to a boat, and being nearer the hatchway, managed to get outside the cabin and drop overboard, sliding down the rocks into the water. The cold water acted as a tonic and, being roused from his drunken stupor, he tried to get back on board to help his companion, but by this time his cries had ceased and the boat was a mass of flames. It was not long until it burned to the water-line, and when the tide came in again filled and sank. The survivor was taken off by a passing boat that day and friends and neighbours quickly gathered to the scene of the tragedy and succeeded in finding the wreck and what was left of the body of the unfortunate man who had perished.

"The Last of Old Bill." "Various were the comments after the funeral when the remains were buried in a grave on a little mound in the centre of a clearing on the little farm the poor chap had been able to make through the years of toil: 'Well, I guess that's the last of "old Bill."' 'Well, he had been drinking hard; he's better away,' and so on. But the missionary could not help thinking of the little woman, left alone on a busy farm with nothing but provisions for the winter in the house. She seemed most grateful for that fact, and said that some way would be opened up for her by the time the spring came. But what a waste of human life, and what a loss she had suffered, and all for what? The gratification of an appetite that had, doubtless, been made keen by Government liquor and then

had found a less expensive way of being satisfied by having stuff with a big 'kick' made at home. Surely we need to be on the warpath continually against this great destroyer of the bodies and souls of men."

THE FELLOWS FELT THEY NEEDED IT

BY REV. R. C. SCOTT, B.A.

Of Our Good Ship the *Thomas Crosby*, Queen Charlotte, B.C.

On a recent trip south we were able to get right out to the lighthouse at Cape St. James. To say that the light-keeper and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, were glad to see us is putting it mildly. This station is one of the most exposed and lonely on the British Columbia coast. To the south and west rolls the Pacific right to Japan, eastward a couple of hundred miles or so to the head of Vancouver Island and the mainland. North lie the Queen Charlotte Islands, Cape St. James being the extreme south of the group, with no human habitation nearer than the whaling station twenty miles away. Here one gets the idea of the might and mastery of the sea. I do not think a sense of being under guard could come more vividly to those in prison. No visits are made even by the few who might be anxious to do so, except the sea and the weather permit. The lighthouse tender calls once every three months, but may have to wait days to be able to land. Then, during the summer season,



A SALMON CANNERY, PORT ESSINGTON, B.C.
Our Emergency Hospital is the Houseboat at the Right



OUR HOSPITAL AT BELLA BELLA, B.C.

occasional fishing boats may anchor and go ashore, weather permitting, but aside from these, the good people at the light see no one. When we made our first trip in March, they had seen no one all winter since the last call by the lighthouse tender.

A Rare Visit. A great change seemed to have come over the two good souls by the time we called on our second trip I am just describing. They evidently had had something to look forward to, something they could count on with reasonable certainty, and what that meant seemed to shine out of their faces: the old worried look had gone. Our ladies were soon at home with Mrs. Lawrence, the first she had seen for about a year. After being shown round the light, we repaired to the house, where a cup of tea was served, after which we had a delightful little service in the parlour. Mr. Lawrence has a saxophone, and this he played while I presided at the organ and the rest of the crowd sang. I greatly enjoy going down there. These folk are "Pentecostal" in their religious preference, but nothing can discount the reality of their experience. Over and over again I have thought of a statement of the Moderator of our Church, namely, that the Church should be broad enough to include all shades of opinion about religion so long as Christ is central. Let some be inclined to the more rationalistic viewpoint re Christianity, but let them not exclude those more emotionally inclined, or words to that effect. Anyway, it did not seem in the least necessary to

go into the details concerning the glorious hope of the Church, where we surely might have differed, so long as we had in our hearts and were each following the glorious Lord of Life himself. I would not trade the opportunity of bringing cheer and fellowship to such lonely and isolated folk as the Lawrences for the best pulpit in the biggest city of our land.

An Unusual Communion Service. Let it be said, too, that the blessing is not all on the one side. I come away, refreshed and uplifted myself. Just as I was leaving, Mr. Lawrence said: "Well, how is the work going? Having any conversions?" It was a good question, one that it would not hurt every preacher to have to answer. I told him of the service we had had in Queen Charlotte the day before we left:

"It was our first Easter Sunday service. I received three of the C.G.I.T. group of girls into the Church on profession of faith. I preached on the coming of Jesus to the disciples 'in spite of closed doors.' The little church was full. I had announced a communion service at the close of the regular service. Mrs. Scott and myself had counselled with our leading helpers in the community as to the probable number who would take Sacrament, and Mrs. Scott had prepared for about a dozen. At the close of the regular service, before singing the last hymn, I announced that any who would prefer to leave might do so during the singing of the last verse.

"They All Stayed." I had previously given the usual invitation to members of other churches in good standing, and had added that if anyone were not a member of any church, but if he were following the Master, and looking to Him for grace and help, I would be glad to have him remain. We sang the hymn through and no one made any move to go, so I pronounced the benediction. Then I announced that anyone might leave who did not wish to stay for the communion service and that we would sing a hymn meantime. We sang the hymn and still no one moved. I was more puzzled than ever (how dense we are!) so said again that those who wished to take communion might arrange themselves in the three front rows of seats, but still no one moved except one little girl who came forward. By this time, Mrs. Scott had slipped out of the back door and into the Mission House to get more grape juice. I then announced—for the significance of the uplift that I had been conscious of all through the service began to dawn on me—that I would begin the communion service and would pass down the rows of seats with the elements, and any who wished to do so might come to the table of their Lord.

"Just Men—Drawing Near to God." "What a service it was! There were many who used their handkerchiefs to wipe the tears that flowed down their faces. And the men, men whom I never thought would take communion, did so, some of them Roman Catholics, some Anglicans, some

Baptists, some of them of no church at all, just men, men who knew the world, but men who somehow were right then drawing near to God with inward confessions of their weakness and sin, coming to the Lamb of God who 'beareth away the sins of the world.' The barber was there, a man who runs the pool-room of our town. He says he would not say he was a converted man, but 'something happened to him,' in a meeting of Pentecostal people in Rupert at one time, and since then no one need ever tell him that there was no God, and his pool-room must be run straight, no booze, and no gambling or swearing. Isn't it a pity that every pool-room keeper had not some such experience? Well, he took the communion also. Of course, he is one of our best attendants and one who always brings one or more of the 'boys' with him when he comes.

"What would you have done?" "Well, what would you have done? I felt I was in the hands of the Lord and that it was His responsibility. I had not tried to 'work up' anything, I had only tried earnestly to get the idea over that Christ could meet all their need. Is it a foretaste of the days to come and of the real revival God is going to send on us through our great new Church? At any rate, it seemed as though it was His will and His way at that time, and perhaps our Church, having laid aside the things that divide men, and having put the emphasis on Jesus, where it belongs, had prepared the way for men to really come to Him. It seemed

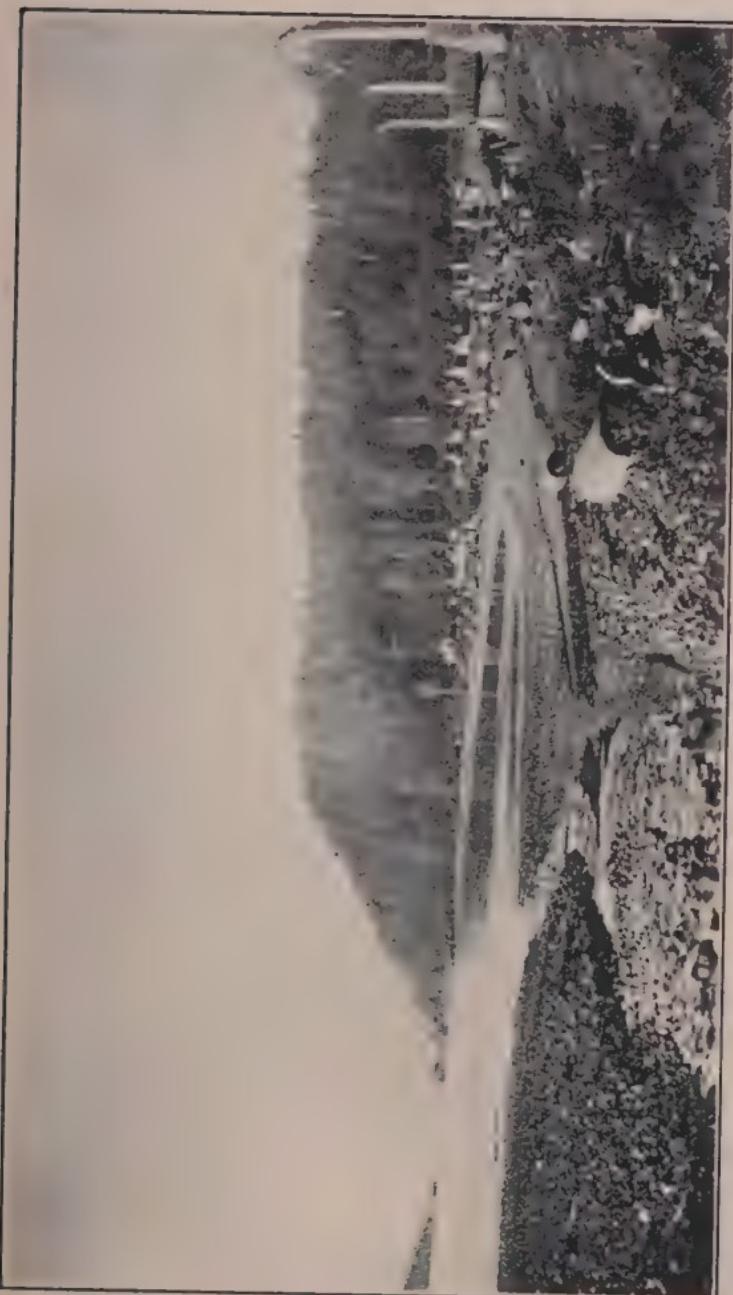
as though something would 'break,' so deep was the feeling, and yet there was perfect quiet. We needed all the bread that was prepared and used every little cup we had in the communion service, thirty-five in all—there was nothing left, so to speak, as in the days of the manna in the wilderness. I felt there was nothing for me to do save to commend them all to God after reminding them briefly of what he had done. This I did, and the most unique communion service I have ever been in was over."

"**They needed it!**" "I spoke to the pool-room keeper afterwards, asking him what made them all stay. He said, 'Oh, I guess the fellows felt they needed it.' After all, what better reason could anyone have? But, strangely enough, men stayed who had refused to take an office or join an official board, because they said right out they were not good enough. What do you make of it? I have almost given up trying to explain it, for I feel there is 'life' here, and that God will perfect that which concerneth these people."

When I got through my story, Mr. Lawrence said, "I thought something would happen. You just keep on and remember that every night as the sun goes down there is a little fellow down here at the Cape 'bombardin' 'eaven for you.'" Who can say but that, along with others whom I know pray for us, does more than we know. At any rate, I feel a great satisfaction at being able to bring some joy to these folk.

Enlarging the Work. Then there is the whaling station at Rose Harbour. We bring their mail from Jedway and give them services, as well as provide reading material in the form of magazines. I have not mentioned the work at the Trolling Fishermen's Rendezvous. We expect this year to put in "floats" at Dundas Island and at Hippa Island, at each of which there are over a hundred boats for five months of the year. From a gift from the Lions Club of Vancouver, I shall be able to install one, and from a gift from the Sunday School of Metropolitan Church I hope to be able to put in the other. On these floats will be houses in which we shall have a reading room, with magazines and papers, and also writing materials. We hope to have the fresh water piped in also, so that the men can come and get it without having to land on the beach and walk over the rocks, and, in time, we may be able to install a bathroom.

The fine new engine that now propels the *Crosby* has made possible a much wider field of service, with added security and a minimum of time. In the trip south which I have described in part, we travelled 355 miles, visited the lighthouse, whaling station, camps, canneries, and held four services and installed two libraries and were back at Charlotte for service the next Sunday evening.



INDIAN VILLAGE, SKIDEGATE, B.C.



THE MISSION HOUSE AND CHURCH AT SKIDEGATE, QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS, B.C.

IN THE LOGGING CAMPS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY GEORGE C. F. PRINGLE, B.A.
Vananda, B.C.

Forty miles out from Vancouver, commencing at Welcome Pass, along the mainland and inlets up-coast in salt water as far as you think it wise to go," this was the field assigned to our good missionary and present Captain of the *Sky Pilot* in 1920, and here are some glimpses of his work gathered from his own reports.

A Storm in the Big Woods. I cannot recall a more terrifying hour in all my life than that I spent in the big timber the evening of Saturday, January 29th, 1921, at Lang Bay settlement. Six of us from the shingle-bolt camp were walking the mile through the woods to Smith's store, where I was to have service, when the worst gale in the history of the coast tore down upon us in howling fury. There was no place for shelter from the great branches and limbs that whizzed past us in the darkness, and the giant trees that fell crashing down in all directions around us. I longed for a good deep dug-out, but there was nothing for it but to go on hoping our luck would hold. The noise of the storm was so great that to make ourselves heard we had to shout into one another's ears. We had several narrow escapes before we emerged into Smith's clearing and entered the house behind the store. There we were com-

paratively safe, though the wind rocked the house and roared around it, whistling through the cracks between the boards in its unfinished walls.

A Stirring Service. I decided to have my service anyway, and we gathered in the dining-room, which was, unfortunately, on the windward side of the house. I have never in all my travels had the things happen around me that happened that night. I stood near the window, with the table and lamp in front of me, and announced a hymn. We were nicely started when the window blew in! I caught it on my back, but the lamp was extinguished and the table blown over. It took fifteen minutes to get the window nailed back and everything in order again. I got along to the sermon and was somewhere in "secondly" when a wild blast commenced to tear the paper off the top of the wall opposite me, against which the people were sitting. It was building paper loosely tacked on in strips from ceiling to floor. Another gust and down it all came, completely covering up my congregation. After they had crawled out it took half an hour before we got that paper tacked up again. Then we closed with the hymn, "For those in peril on the sea." Millions of feet of standing timber were blown down that night at Lang Bay.

"Heroic Homesteaders." To me the efforts of these homesteaders to hew for themselves a home in the colossal jungle of a British Columbia forest seem little short of heroic. The physical strain is

enormous and continuous. It takes a lifetime to get a poor score of acres cleared, and in all those years these pioneers are far away from the companionship of all but a few other people and lack many of the common helps, comforts, and pleasures of life. Their families are reared usually without doctor or nurse within reach in any emergency.

In the Logging Camps. The men in the logging camps form, in many respects, a different constituency. Especially is this true of the larger camps. It is difficult to establish regular "machinery" to serve them. The personal factor counts for so much, and then the men move so continuously into the city and out, and from one camp to another. The personnel of some camps will change almost completely in six months. There are probably two thousand men engaged in logging in my district.

In serving the camps I seek first of all to get on a friendly footing with the men before I arrange for my meeting. Wandering around the bunk-houses or in the woods where they are working, having a word or two of greeting, I usually manage to interest some of the men in me in a not unfriendly way. Then when I have my meeting in cook-house or bunk-house, I will not be without an audience to whom I can give a straight, clear message for Christ. In the camps, too, I distribute the ordinary magazines and other literature of general interest, for while the men are not without money, they move about from place to place so much that they lack

a permanent address, nor can they carry a lot of magazines with them, for usually they have to "pack" their stuff on their own backs some of the distance from the boat to the camp. So they seldom subscribe for magazines, or take a supply with them. Besides periodicals I have given about five thousand "discards" to the loggers. These are books which are not in good enough condition for our regular libraries, but are in other respects first-class reading. Also I have a plentiful supply of Christian propaganda pamphlets.

In the camps I have never got any other than the most considerate treatment. If I didn't make good it was my own fault. In February of one year I spent ten days among the four camps of a certain company, where over two hundred men are working, eight miles back in the woods from Rock Bay, a little harbour on Vancouver Island, some 150 miles out from Vancouver.

A Winter Visit. At the Beach Operating and "D" camps I got a kind welcome from superintendent, foremen, and men. I went on in a day or two to camp "H." By this time the weather had grown very cold and frozen the lake solid where they were "yarding," and along whose shore the twenty bunk-houses floated on rafts. We had our meeting in the cook-house on Sunday evening, and afterwards the foreman wouldn't hear of me sleeping anywhere but in his bed, while he hunted up a much less comfortable bunk somewhere else. This "boss" is an

Irish Roman Catholic. At camp "B" the weather moderated and a dense snowstorm came on. The snow piled up to three feet before it cleared. This meant that I had to stay in that camp for a few days whether I wanted to or not. They made me very comfortable. Of course no work could be done, so the men were not disposed to find very much fault with an old preacher who helped them to pass the time away. The first evening I gave them a sermon in the cook-house, the next I told stories of the Klondike for two hours. The following two days I roamed around among the bunk-houses "chewing the rag" with the fellows, answering or trying to answer a thousand questions on a hundred different subjects mostly centring around sociology, economics, religion and world-affairs. I listened to much good talk, opinions and descriptions, educative and interesting to me, for many of the men had travelled in far lands. There were those, too, who were well read and had thought deeply. Of course we had some arguments. In some of these I held my own, in some I came off second best. In the fifth day the logging-train was able to get in with a snow-plough, and I got a ride the twelve miles down through the mountain valleys to the beach. This visit is fairly typical. I have never received any other than a decent reception from the loggers.

ROUGH TRIPS IN THE *LEILA*

BY DR. W. SAGER

Then of our Port Simpson, B.C., General Hospital

The hospital at Port Simpson, our permanent home, is open all the year round. At Port Essington, on the Skeena River, our hospital is open only through the summer, and at North Pacific the emergency hospital is open only during the fishing season. At Port Simpson, we have an X-Ray machine and an electric plant of 110 volts. The Nurses' Home is at Simpson, where we have a training school for nurses. Our motor boat, named *Leila*, is forty-two feet long with thirty-five horsepower. The hours I have spent cranking her engine remind me of the song: "The Hours I Spent with Thee, Dear Heart," but she renders a great service withal, and so we forgive and forget and crank again.

Crowded in Summer. At Port Essington, most of our work is on acute cases. The Port is fifty miles from Simpson by sea—fifty miles of some of the worst water on the coast, and is situated ten miles from the mouth of the Skeena River. In winter the river is generally frozen over, but when spring comes people return from the south, so that by June there are about four thousand people of all nationalities on the river. Now four thousand people, especially when most of them are Indians, require a lot of looking after, which makes us exceedingly busy during the fishing season. The canneries are

situated miles apart and it is no easy work to answer a call in the middle of the night when one has to steer a course through a thousand nets. If at night one should become entangled in one of these nets so that the propeller would not turn, it is hard to say just what would happen. The Skeena is a mighty river, in some places over three miles wide, with a rise and fall in tide of twenty-three feet. What with the terrible tide and the spreading nets, travelling at night or in a fog is very dangerous.

Caught in the Fog. I remember once last summer being called in the evening—somehow it always has to be at night—to a cannery ten miles away. I set out in my boat and had no sooner left the wharf than a fog came down, leaving me at the mercy of the tide, for I could not figure where it would carry me. More by good luck than by good management, I eventually came alongside the right cannery and when I went into the shack I found an Indian woman lying sick. She was an old woman of sixty-five years of age—enormously fat—with a strangulated umbilical hernia. We had to get her down on to the boat and back again to the hospital as best we could, through the fog and the nets. In the early hours of the morning, by the light of oil lamps, we operated on her. Here let me say that it is usual for one of the nurses, generally the matron, to give the anæsthetic, whilst another assists at the operating table. It is only right to state how deeply indebted I am to Miss Newsome, my matron, for

the splendid way in which she is always ready to help me in any emergency. She has been with me for three years—ever since she graduated—and she is beloved by all.

Operating in Emergencies. What makes it hard at times is having to go miles by boat to get the patient and then all tired out from the trip to have to start in and operate. But it has to be done. Here are a couple of instances. I went out to get a Chinese who had suffered a great deal. After three hours' hard going, we got the man into hospital and found his intestines were ruptured. Another time, I had got into my bunk for the night when a man stuck his head in the companionway door and shouted that his mate was sick. I dressed and went on to his boat and found that his engineer, after eating a hearty supper, had been seized with sudden severe pains in his abdomen. He had a perforated stomach. Now such patients in a city, with a swift ambulance and a perfect hospital service, are not difficult to cope with, but on the rolling sea things are not the same. Many, many times have I sung "Oh! for the rolling sea," but I have longed many times when on that same old seething, ceaseless sea, for an old Ford car and a hundred miles of road. All our travelling is done by gas-boat, for here there are no roads at all, and if ever there was an invention contrived to try the peace and the patience of a man, that thing is a gas-boat. Oftentimes the engine has stalled on us in heavy seas—but thanks to a heavy

anchor and a good stout anchor line we kept off the reefs. Once something went wrong with the feed pipe, making it so that the only way we could keep away from the rocks and run out of the storm was by feeding gas directly into the carburetor, but the rolling sea made it very difficult to pour straight and half of the gas went running into the bilge. By the mercy of Providence, the supply of gas just held out until we were in a sheltered cove, where we dropped anchor just as the sun went down.

The only time I feel badly, in such circumstances, is when we have patients for the hospital on board. Then it is very unpleasant. However, taking all things together, it is a great life if you don't weaken, and we are still singing—"Oh! for the rolling sea."

IN FLOATING HOUSES

By G. E. DARBY, B.A., M.D.

On the way home from a funeral at the head of Rivers Inlet, an Indian paddled me across the end of the lake to a Government hatchery where there were some fourteen men and three married couples living. I had a pleasant visit with them, and as one family had a piano, I gathered the crowd into their living-room and we had a very nice service. I was told that it was the first service there for several years. The manager kindly kept me overnight and after a look around the place in the morning, I took the trail back to the *Crosby*.

I was much interested in the hatchery, for they had very nearly 16,000,000 salmon eggs there just

beginning to hatch out. A good-sized creek was flowing under one end of the hatchery that had no business there, but owing to very heavy rains and a log jam, the creek had changed its course and had very nearly washed the foundations out from under part of the buildings. In fact, the ladies and children had spent the night in a boat as they were afraid the building would go. So you see, many people whom you never hear about undergo isolation and hardships for the sake of providing a hungry world with salmon.

I found the *Crosby* safe and the Indian engineer aboard, so after a short visit with the bookkeeper and watchman of the cannery, we bucked a strong head wind down to another of the canneries where I knew a number of people. After a call there, we visited a storekeeper and his wife and were just in time to enjoy lunch with them.

The weather looked pretty bad outside, but as I was anxious to get home we went on. We found a south-east gale blowing on the Sound and so were not able to call at a lighthouse where a couple live whom I had married a few months before. To avoid running in the storm in the dark, though, I decided to hunt up some friends who lived on a float-house in a sheltered bay which would make a good harbour for the night. I reached their abode just before dark and in time to have supper with them. These people have two boys, one of whom was born in our hospital at Bella Bella, the other at Rivers Inlet, and as I officiated at each occasion I am a welcome

visitor. After supper, they came aboard the *Crosby* and we had a little song service. Though well sheltered from the wind, there was just enough of a swell coming in to rock the boat a little and although I had been all right when in the big sea, I began to feel squirmish and had to give up singing.

Just a word about the float-house. Loggers find it necessary to move quite often to keep up with their work, so instead of building a shack on land, they make a good raft and build a fairly substantial house on it. Then if a claim is finished and they want to move to another place, a tug hitches onto the raft and tows it to a sheltered bay near the new claim and there they are. Some of the houses are very comfortable, with ranges, hot and cold water, bathtubs, toilets, etc. If there are children, a chicken-wire fence is usually put around the edge of the raft, but in spite of that, one often falls into the water and occasionally one is drowned.

We left early next morning and reached home without further adventure, thankful that the *Crosby* was such a comfortable, seaworthy boat as she is.

ON BOARD THE *KLA-QUAEK*

By G. E. DARBY, B.A., M.D.

Of our Rivers Inlet Hospital

This yarn was spun for the *United Chureh Record* when Dr. Darby was on board the *Kla-quaek*, the hospital launch or marine ambulance, as Dr. Darby calls it, of the Bella Bella Hospital. Both

boat and typewriter were having their difficulties with rough water, as the story will show. *Kla-quaek*, the boat is called, after the name given by the Indians to Dr. Darby's little daughter, a high-class Indian word meaning "beautiful," but the boys of the family with friendly familiarity call it the "Quack-Quack." The yarn was begun on board on July 23rd, 1927.

I am writing this aboard the hospital launch—there is not much room for a typewriter here and a key got out of order temporarily—*Kla-quaek*. I am on the way home now after spending two days visiting fishing camps and canneries on Smith's and Boswell Inlets. I left home yesterday morning early and will not get back till about midnight. Just after leaving the last cannery we had the pleasure of meeting the *Thomas Crosby*, which is down this way on a special trip. We stopped and chatted with Rev. R. C. Scott who was in charge and I examined a patient whom they were taking home from the hospital. They had called at the hospital at Rivers Inlet just before I left, so I wasn't so surprised to see them as I would have been otherwise. Captain Oliver is as keen as ever and it is a pleasure to see him carrying on with the work he loves so much.

In to Rivers Inlet. We have to go out into Queen Charlotte Sound (really the open Pacific), and through some reefs and rocks before we can turn into Rivers Inlet. We are beginning to pitch a bit

now and as there is quite a westerly wind blowing, I may not be able to carry on with this much longer.

A few years ago, there was only one cannery on this inlet. Now there are three, and beside them, there are three big camps belonging to canneries some fifty to eighty miles away. These camps are centres for their fishermen, with tanks for bluestoning their nets, racks for repairing, and a store for provisions, etc. There is a poor run of salmon, so the fishermen are not very happy, in fact many of them will not be able to pay for the supplies they have used. I treated quite a number of men and pulled a handful of cantankerous teeth for others at these camps and the first cannery, finishing at 9.45. As I was afraid of being held up by fog, I then started up the "old Faithful" and ran to an anchorage near another cannery and retired for the night about 11.30. We had fairly comfortable sleeping accommodation so sleep aboard and can get our meals as we travel along. After an uneventful night, we ran into the cannery, where I examined and treated a number of infected hands and fingers of fishermen and some Indian children. I also examined a little Japanese boy.

We arrived at the next and last cannery in time for lunch, much to my nephew's delight. He is engineer and cook this summer and with the usual boy's dislike for washing dishes, he rejoices when we get a meal ashore. This is my third trip around here this summer. There is a lighthouse out in the Sound which we visited the first time, but with so much

work at the canneries, we have not had time since. It is over forty miles to the most distant cannery and that takes about six hours in my boat.

"Fooled." We saw a large purse-seine boat out in the Sound which seemed to be in difficulties, and rather than leave it to possible misfortune, we turned off our course and went fifteen minutes out of our way to see if they needed help. It was unnecessary though, for they said they were all right, so we turned around and are again headed for home. Last trip the monotony was broken by the sight of two small whales playing tag or something like that. We were able to get so close that we could see the barnacles on their under sides as they jumped out of the water. It is a beautiful trip and I take some nurses or anyone who can go whenever possible, though the probability of their being seasick deters some.

As we got out into open water on the way home, soon after leaving the "stalled" seine boat, we found that quite a sea was running. First thing we knew we bumped into a smaller wave on a big one and rolled away over. We heard a couple of crashes in the cabin and I sent my engineer back to see what had happened. He reported that, though my seasick nine-year-old boy had been able to stay in his bunk, the typewriter, which I thought too heavy to be in danger, had been rolled off onto the floor where it landed on top of a window, smashing the glass and frame, and that the box containing

what eggs we had was also on the floor and scrambled egg all over the place.

"Swallowed a Quarter." We are finding the X-Ray at the Bella Bella hospital a great blessing. I have reported how it helped me to locate a coin that an Indian child had swallowed. I have just had another and more difficult case. An Indian came running in to ask me to go to his house to see a little girl who was choking on a twenty-five-cent piece. As his house was half the length of the village away, I told him what I thought of him for not bringing the child with him, grabbed my satchel and rushed out. I met the mother just outside the door though, with the little three-year-old girl, and found that, though the coin was still out of sight, the girl was no longer choking. In fact, she was so undistressed that it was hard to tell whether the coin was stuck or had gone on into the stomach. Without the X-ray it would have been difficult and unpleasant for the patient to make certain, and at best we could only force it on into the stomach and hope it would not cause any further trouble. With the fluoroscope attachment of the X-ray, however, it only took a moment to see that the coin was stuck in the gullet, almost down to the stomach. We tried to make her vomit it up, and held her up by the feet but without effect.

I didn't like to shove the coin on down and we had no instruments that would reach far enough to

pull it back. After some thought I decided to try to make a wire hook. Taking a long piece of wire and bending it like a hairpin and then bending the U-shaped end over, I made a hook with no sharp ends that would cause damage.

Operating Under Difficulties. It is rather difficult to work in a pitch-dark room, but with the nurse giving the anæsthetic I was able to pass my hook down to the coin. The gullet was stretched so tight by the coin, though, that the hook would not pass it, much to our disappointment. In such isolated places one does not have even pieces of wire of different sizes just at the time they are needed. However, the matron saved the day by discovering a spool of silver wire which proved to be just long and stiff enough to reach and pass the coin and we were greatly delighted to see the coin come along as I withdrew the hook. The operation was rendered even more exciting when the nurse giving the anæsthetic touched a high voltage wire in the dark and got such a shock she jumped against the rest of us, who each got a share of it from her. But we got the coin out.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

By R. C. Scott, B.A.

S. River is rather hard to work as an appointment because the prevailing summer winds are westerly and the tiderip through Johnstone Straits piles up the water like haystacks through which it is very difficult to steer. Moreover, there is a bar at

the mouth of the river which can be crossed only at or near high tide. There is no shelter nearer than H. Island, three miles away, and if one is caught by the wind before he can get inside there is nothing to do but to run before the wind to that island and on that troublesome passage the writer has lost two dinghies and has had the after deck washed by the seas. Even when one can get into the river there are bars to be kept clear of, snags to avoid, and at certain seasons freshets add their terrors to the mariner's already full complement. Then one must be on the watch for logs and driftwood. Then too, for a short time in the winter, there is the danger of ice. One night last winter, with the thermometer at zero, we slept but little for the constant sound of the drifting slush and new ice rubbing along the sides of the boat. At high tide next morning, we could see that the ice was forming fast on each side of the river, and just below us it seemed already to have frozen completely across. As we had a Christmas-tree to hold in a day or two, it would never have done to become ice bound. We unloosed and started out. The telegraph line boat had left perhaps ten minutes before with ice boards along the water line to prevent the planking being cut through. We followed. Despite the short time that had elapsed, the ice was frozen together again before we could get through. However, there was nothing to be done, but drive ahead. So with the missionary's wife at the wheel as "skipper-engineer," and the missionary at the bow with a pike pole to smash the ice, we slowly

made our way down and out to the salt water. It was with no little relief we tied up to the wharf at the mouth of the river after assuring ourselves that our hull had suffered no damage.

Church Papers of Great Value. On the occasion of another trip to this point, we had stayed the night previous at an island near-by, where there were several families. We had a splendid service, the first they had had for three years, so the teacher informed us, and that night retired, hoping for rest before making S. River the next morning. But no! it was not to be. Just to the south of us was a long reef of boulders extending nearly half a mile out to sea. The shoreward end of the reef was much lower than the outer end, and at ebb tide the water rushes like a mill stream round the shore end and out to sea along the reef. At times, when there is a west wind on outside, a big dead swell comes in to make matters worse. On one occasion some years before, when tied up here alongside a boom of logs, this dead swell was like to have thrown our boat bodily up on the logs. There was no possibility of putting to sea in the face of the wind and the reef near-by, and as there was extreme danger of the planking being staved in, we were up and around all night hanging on and using all means possible to fend the boat off until the tide turned. Well do I remember how, in our desperation to get more fenders, we at last turned to a big bundle of *Christian Guardians*, and putting them into two

"gunny sacks" lowered them between the boat and the logs. My helper remarked as the boat rode more freely, "Well, that's one good turn those *Christian Guardians* have done anyway." I could not help but say "amen." So you see how varied are the ways in which a church paper can help.

A Sleepless Night. But to return to my story. On this later occasion, we had anchored in the little bay, to a "deadman" which we had been assured would hold us safely. But alas for our chance to sleep, we were right out in the middle of the tide race. Back and forth jibed the boat, ending each turn with a jerk that put fear in our hearts as to the strength of the line below water to hold. Several times I got up, and once we put an extra line out thinking thus to make secure and get some sleep, but it was no use, so I got up and dressed and until four in the morning was on watch. By that time the tide had turned and until six o'clock I slept. Then as we had to make over the bar at high tide it was necessary to be off to S. River. We made a fair run across, but immediately we were in the river we saw that our troubles were not over, for the muddy colour of the water and the swiftness of the current were all too evident signs that the river was threatening a freshet. We went on up for a mile and a half, only to find that there was no chance of getting to the usual place of tying up owing to the fact that one of the logging companies was shooting logs down and their boom was so taut that there was no chance

of getting the boat through it. While tied alongside the boom, watching the logs come down, we were made very conscious of the danger as one or two small logs dived under the boom further up and bumped unceremoniously into us. Then there was the added danger of the entire boom being carried out and of our going along with the logs and debris. What should we do? Should we go out at once and return home? But what then of the valley with all its settlers, forty families or more, who were dependent on us for service? No, not until we had to were we going out. Starting up the engine we ran up the river to where the first boom log left the bank, and made fast to the bank itself, putting down bumpers between us and the boom. Then we went ashore in the dinghy, and cut down a small soft maple, and out of it made two long pole bumpers, to go between us and the precipitous rocky shore where we were tied, should the boom go out and leave us hanging to it. A projecting point just above afforded protection from logs coming downstream, and the eddy in which we lay lessened the strain on our lines. Then there was nothing to do but wait and see whether the river would rise further or begin to drop. After half a day of uncertainty, the shores showed clearly that the water was dropping. Then it was that we gave thanks to God and retired for a night's rest, much anticipated and greatly enjoyed.

Not a Dry Service. But being tied up a mile below our usual point, made it necessary to negotiate that

distance on foot, and there was the little portable organ and the hymn books to carry. But clad in slickers and rubber boots, the rain and mud had few terrors for us, and soon on the Sunday afternoon we had all requisites at the point where they could be picked up by a Ford truck or lumber wagon, whichever came along first. Later we had the joy of preaching the Gospel to the congregation, some of whom had walked miles to be there.

Now, dear reader, lest you go into a somewhat unnatural state of mind regarding us missionaries, your fellow-workers, let me remind you that this is the life that most men lead who "go down to the sea" in gas-boats. No one could imagine a missionary asking anything different from what is the common lot of such men, and your missionaries certainly appreciate much more than any little hardship connected with the doing of their work, the great privilege of bringing the Gospel of our Lord to folks who otherwise would not hear it, and the great and extended consecration found wherever there are those who love Him, and because of that contribute the funds which make it possible to do the work. In our hearts is joy unspeakable, "and full of glory" that we are thus privileged to be co-workers with you and with Him.

THE SUNBEAM ON STORMY WATERS

By DR. R. GEDDES LARGE,

Our Missionary Doctor at Port Simpson, B.C., Hospital.

A request for interesting stories I always find hard to reply to, for, in the first place, I am no story teller, and, in the second, it is difficult to know what part of the work would most appeal to others. Our medical work is divided between two districts, the one surrounding Port Simpson and the other at the mouth of the Skeena River.

Busy Summer Months at Port Simpson. Port Simpson is our headquarters and we have there a thirty-bed hospital, which is kept open the year round. During the summer months, we move part of our staff down to Port Essington, where we have a smaller hospital, which attends to the needs of the people gathered at the salmon canneries at the mouth of the Skeena River. Most of our marine work is done at this latter place, for there are in all eleven canneries which have to be visited regularly by the doctor. Living quarters in these cannery settlements are very crowded and as a great many of the inhabitants are not very hygienic in their habits, sickness is very prevalent. The life of the doctor and nurses during the three months of June, July and August is a very busy one and a good deal of the time is spent on the water, travelling to the various canneries on urgent calls.



OUR "HOSPITABLE" HOSPITAL, PORT SIMPSON, B.C.



"SUNBEAM III" OF OUR HOSPITAL AT PORT SIMPSON, B.C.



"THE LEILA," SKEENA RIVER, B.C.

Dr. Sager

Dr. Spencer

Rev. W. H. Pierce



"KLA-QUAEK" OF BELLA BELLA HOSPITAL

(Dr. Darby at the stern. Starting on eighty-mile trip to get a sick Indian girl.)

"Pills That Did Not Dissolve." I recall one case we had a few days after moving down to Port Essington, which illustrates the ignorance one has to contend with so often in dealing with the less advanced natives. I was called to one of the canneries to see an old Indian who had been sick for the past week and was getting progressively worse. I found him suffering from an inflamed gall bladder and so far on in the disease that his case was practically hopeless. We took him up on the launch to the hospital and operated a few hours later, removing his gall bladder. After the operation, I showed his relatives the gall bladder, which contained over seventy small, flat, round stones. We tried to explain to them what they were, but, in their ignorance, they spread the story around that the district nurse at their village had given the old man pills and they had never dissolved but had remained inside until the doctor took them out. Unfortunately, the man died a week later and I have no doubt that his death is blamed upon the district nurse.

Through a Stormy Night. A gasoline boat is not an unmixed blessing and the *Sunbeam III* is no exception to the rule. There are times when we find her anything but a sunbeam as we wrestle with the mysteries of her power plant. Fortunately, these times are not too frequent and when we encounter stormy weather during the winter, she is usually on her good behaviour and sees us through.

One trip we had last winter will long remain in my memory as we had plenty of occasion to be thankful before the trip was over that our engine kept hitting on all four cylinders. It was during the worst of a heavy storm from the north, when, one evening, just at dark, two children came into the office with a note from their father at his camp, asking me to come right away to attend his daughter. His camp was only about five miles north of us, but it was five miles of very forbidding coast, especially in the gale that was raging at the time. However, the trip had to be made, so we got a friend who knew the course well to pilot us and set out in the *Sunbeam*—myself and two nurses. We got there all right, but couldn't land, as the shore was rocky and the wind was so strong our anchor wouldn't hold. Finally, we left the pilot and another man to keep the boat running and headed into the wind, and the nurses and I rowed ashore in the tender. There, in an old log-house with an open fire in the centre its only source of heat, and the wind whistling through the cracks in the wall, we found our patient. The conditions were not very favourable for doing our work, but we were able to leave behind a happy mother with her newly-arrived baby when we returned to the launch.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW

BY DR. L. S. KLINCK,

President of the University of British Columbia.

A light in the window has often meant not only light but love and even life itself, and no one can tell how much it means until they have looked upon its shining from out of the thick darkness of the land or the glooming murk of night on the tossing waves of the sea. This is the story of a lamp that shines out over the great waters every night of the year, that was seen four times by one who came from afar for whom it grew in meaning each time he saw it. The story is told by President Klinck, of the University of British Columbia.

It is a true story of a trip taken in the fall of 1925 when, at the request of our United Church missionary, Rev. George C. F. Pringle, Dr. Klinck visited a number of his stations, the journeyings being in the good ship *Sky Pilot*, of which our missionary is captain and whose home port is Vananda, on Texada Island, British Columbia.

A Lamp in the Kitchen Window. "At one o'clock in the morning," Dr. Klinck said, "I landed at Vananda and was met at the wharf by Mr. Pringle. We introduced ourselves and then walked along the winding woodsy trail to the Pringle home. The living-room was lighted and there was a cheerful fire in the rough stone fireplace. As we were entering the house I noted a lamp on the sill of the

kitchen window, overlooking the sea. This struck me as unusual, but I made no comment upon it." This was the first shining of the lamp and all it meant was "unusual—but no comment."

The Lamp Still on the Window Sill. "Next morning," the Doctor said, "I played ball with the children and pitched horseshoes, both for fun and to get acquainted with the boys and girls. In the afternoon Mr. Pringle and I visited a crippled lad who was a member of the local boys' organization, and spoke to the boys at a special meeting held in the home of the crippled lad. Then we made a number of calls on the neighbours and Mr. Pringle invited them to attend the service announced for Sunday evening in the little church. During the day I was much struck with the way in which Mr. Pringle met his parishioners and with the very high regard in which he was held by old and young.

"When we returned in the evening, I noticed the lamp in the same place in the kitchen, but, thinking it was just a coincidence, made no reference to it." So the second shining of the lamp was a "coincidence" but that only—next time it was seen from farther away.

Shining Over Quiet Waters. Sunday brought a busy day. All hands went aboard the *Sky Pilot* and off to Myrtle Point Camp, where the Doctor preached and stayed to dinner, departing greatly cheered with the kindness shown and with fond memories of the "pumpkin pie outlook" of the good

chef of the camp. Another voyage brought them to the afternoon appointment and after that they started homeward over quiet waters in the light at eventide, which comes like a benediction at the close of so many beautiful days in British Columbia. While still several miles out at sea there came twinkling out in the growing dusk the light in the kitchen window. Captain Pringle got his bearings and as they glided over the quiet seas told the story of the light. "It was just an oil lamp in the kitchen window," he said, "but Mrs. Pringle kept it burning the year around and sailors up and down the coast always looked for it and appreciated it greatly, even though the coast was fairly well lighted by the Government."

The Third Shining of the Light. "Naturally," said Dr. Klinck in telling the story, "I was very much interested because of the light which the keeping of the lamp threw on the character of Mr. Pringle and his wife, but I regarded it with purely academic interest, thinking that the day of the oil lamp, as a guide to mariners, had long passed. The act seemed to me to be thoughtful and even touching, but I could not see that the light could be more than purely local in its use, and that its greatest interest and assistance would be to those in the *Sky Pilot*. This impression was strengthened by the story Mr. Pringle told me of one stormy night when he and his engineer had been able to make a landing in a near-by bay as a result of determining their

bearings by the light in the window, but how the captains and pilots on the large vessels could be interested in the presence of a little lamp in a window was quite beyond my comprehension." And this was the third shining of the lamp.

Then, the story of the cruise went on, the meetings held and the many kindnesses shown by all the people at camp and cannery and little settlement, and especially by the captain of the *Cheakamus* on the way back to Vancouver. Every stateroom and berth on the boat was occupied—but when the captain learned that the Doctor was "a friend of Mr. Pringle" he insisted on giving up his own cabin. The Doctor said, "Protests were of no avail and as I had done considerable travelling that day, and had addressed three meetings for Mr. Pringle, no berth ever looked better to me."

Children Play with the President's Pockets.

With a quiet smile the Doctor told the story of the way in which the good people of Irvine's Landing put across their little bit of kindness. Dr. Klinck has always insisted on paying his own travelling expenses, even though it is customary for local organizations to pay them, but "At Irvine's Landing, when I declined to take any money, I dismissed the matter from my mind. As I stood at the door chatting, some of the little children were playing around me. I thought they were playing with my pockets. Imagine my surprise when I discovered next morning that one of the

children had put the Irvine's Landing contribution in my pocket!"

Well done, Irvine's Landing, and incidentally the college president, around whom the small children play, cannot be such a bad college president.

A Star of Hope on a Stormy Night. But back we come to the fourth shining of the light in the window. On his return trip, Dr. Klinck came to Vananda again. "The day was unusually full, with speaking at three widely-separated points. Night was closing in before we left our second place of meeting, due in part to the fact that, while I was speaking at Blubber Bay, the *Sky Pilot* was helping a none-too-friendly tug-man get his boom of logs around a dangerous point before the tide changed.

"With the darkness came a storm, which may not have been really dangerous—but it seemed dangerous to a land-lubber who was tired and not accustomed to that part of the coast and not given to venturing out to sea in a small power-boat. Mr. Pringle took the helm and, after what seemed many hours, announced that we should soon be able to see the light in the window. It was some time before I could see it—but when I did at last make out its shining—I understood something of what such unselfish service, year in and year out, must mean to the seamen who go up and down those waters. At that evening meeting I told the story of 'The Light in the Window' out of a full heart."

That was the end of the Doctor's story. At last he understood. In the kitchen it was only a lamp on the window sill, but to the souls that are out in the darkness and danger and storm it shines brightly with promise of the desired haven and peace and love and rest. Then hurrah for the little lamp that still burns in the window, and hurrah for the lady of the lamp who keeps it burning steadily, and hurrah for our missionary sky-pilots who hold up the light of life to those that do business in great waters! And for ourselves, there is an old hymn which says, "Let the lower lights be burning, cast a gleam across the wave." We may seem to ourselves to be of small account, only lamps on a kitchen window, but to those out on dark waters, of whom we may know nothing, to them the steady shining of our little light may be of great help—wherefore, as the old Word says, "Let your light so shine."

* * * * *

"During these years while Mr. Pringle has been going up and down the coast in his boat, the *Sky Pilot*, the quiet and gentle ministry of Mrs. Pringle has been observed by her thoughtful act in keeping a 'wee light in the window' to help guide boats into Vananda and to light the way up and down the gulf.

"A few weeks ago this silent service was recognized by the Union Steamship Company when a case of coal oil was left off by one of the company's boats for Mrs. Pringle, in appreciation of her kindly ministry."—*The Daily Province*, Vancouver, December 10, 1927.

CHAPTER VI

On the Atlantic Coast

The preceding chapters have told the story of the sky-pilots of the United Church of Canada and their boats as they go up and down our Pacific coast carrying the Gospel to scattered settlements and lonely lighthouses, to logging camps and fish canneries. To complete the list of the United Church navy there is needed only the story of the good ship *Glad Tidings* at Hamilton Inlet on the Labrador coast, and something of her work and some yarns of the Labrador are here given with the hearty consent of the author. The *Glad Tidings* was brought into the United Church of Canada by the Methodist Church as part of their Labrador mission.

In summer the work on the Labrador is not unlike that on the Pacific coast, including the visitation of little settlements, pulpwood camps and fisheries, but in winter, unlike the Pacific coast, where the sky pilots and their craft can cruise during all the year, the Labrador coast is completely ice bound and the missionary must make his winter cruises by snowshoe and dog sled along the shore. Fortunately yarns of both summer and winter cruises are available.

The United Church has two mission fields on the Labrador. The Red Bay charge, the older of the two, begins about Capstan Island in Bradore Bay at the inner or west end of the Straits of Belle Isle, includes many calling places on the Labrador shore of the Straits and extends up the coast to Battle Harbour, a hundred and fifty miles away. The Hamilton Inlet charge begins at Battle Harbour in the south and with many a call in harbours and coves by the way reaches up the shore two hundred miles to Indian Harbour on the north side of the entrance to Hamilton Inlet; from Indian Harbour the charge extends nearly another two hundred miles up the Inlet, to far-away Traverspin, with little ports of call on both shores.

The pastor at Red Bay must also visit his preaching points by boat in the summer, but the name of his craft has not yet come to hand and its story will have to wait for inclusion some day in the tale of our United Church navy in Newfoundland, the score or more of motor boats in which our Newfoundland pastors visit their churches along the rugged shores.

A map showing both our Labrador and Newfoundland mission fields will be found at the back of this book on the inside of the cover. A study of this map with its thousands of miles of coast exposed to the sweep of the storm winds will bring appreciation of those who there make their living from the sea and of our missionaries who with their people "do business in great waters."

LANDING ON THE LABRADOR

By ARTHUR MEWS, C.M.G.

St. John's, Newfoundland

The missionary reaches Labrador by the first boat when navigation opens, about the end of June. He goes to Lester's Point, where there is the mission house, a fairly commodious building. He finds there a keeper, Charlie Flowers, who, with his wife, looks after him.

The Minister Has Come! The people of that land soon learn that the new minister has come. On Sunday they gather from all parts, even from the distance of ten or twelve miles, and they congregate at the mission house. Mrs. David Campbell, the eldest lady there, comes in and gives the missionary a real Labrador welcome. She then takes him out, and in ten minutes she tells him more of the people and of the work of the country than he has learned through all his years of study. He goes amongst the people, the people who will for two years be his care, and then they go to the little church just by, and they gather, the seventy of them, men, women and children, and he opens his first service and preaches his first sermon, looking into the faces of these people who have not heard a sermon or had a service for months. As he looks into their faces, he sees the eagerness of the eye, he sees the hunger of the heart.

The Hunger of the Heart. They listen, they take part, it is a real worship, a real service. After the service they all go back to the kitchen of the mission house, and they put on all the vessels that they can find with water on the stove, and there prepare their food, and they eat, some in the kitchen and some outside, and some in the grounds around, just as they find it convenient. After that they go back to the church again for another service, and so they praise God; and when that service is over, they get into their boats and away they go, two, four, eight, ten and twelve miles to their distant homes. They thank God that now for about four or five weeks they will have a service every Sunday, and they will come twelve miles for it.

A SUMMER VOYAGE WITH THE *GLAD TIDINGS*

BY LEANDER G. GILLARD

The *Glad Tidings*, our missionary boat, is a sloop of about twenty-five tons fitted with a ten horse-power marine motor and rigged with two jibs, main-sail, and a riding sail used mostly in stormy weather.

A Great Stretch of Coast. When one considers the extent of such a mission as Hamilton Inlet and Sandwich Bay, which covers a coast-line stretching from Battle Harbour in southern Labrador to Indian Harbour in the north, a distance of over five

hundred miles, one can easily see the need on such a mission for a boat of this type.

The headquarters of the mission is at Grand Village, at the head of Hamilton Inlet and on the Grand River of Labrador. This river is famous for its falls, beside which mighty Niagara has to take second place.

Here the *Glad Tidings* is pulled up every season in October, on a dock built by the Grand River Pulp and Paper Co. of Canada, which carried on lumbering operations previous to the war.

Getting to My Charge. On my arrival at Labrador my place of destination was Rigolet in Hamilton Inlet. From Rigolet I was taken 150 miles on a Hudson's Bay Company auxiliary schooner to North-West River, another post of the Hudson's Bay Company, made famous by being managed at one time by Donald Smith, afterward Lord Strathcona. He was well liked by the natives and by the Indians, who come out here each year to barter their furs.

From North-West River I was taken in a small open motor boat by Charlie Groves, a native of Goose Bay, who brought me up to Mud Lake, where I found the *Glad Tidings* resting on the blocks on dock, not having been repaired since that veteran of the Labrador Mission, Rev. W. S. Mercer, had used her two years previously. A week's work with the aid of two natives, John Michelin and John

Blake, and the *Glad Tidings* was ready to be launched for the summer.

After two days of repairing the sails and bending them, then began the cranking of the old *Mianus'* engine, which is not a very easy task when it has no clutch and one has to throw a huge three-fan propeller with the fly-wheel in order to get it started. The trip around the mission began August 8th.

The First Trip Around. I took with me, as a companion and helper, Sam Pottle, a native Labrador man, who has been dog-team driver for United Church missionaries, former Methodists, for at least fifteen years. Sam has a very kind wife and fine children, two boys who go trapping each winter up the Grand River. I may say that during that winter with me on my trips around the coast, Sam became converted, and although over fifty years old he gave up smoking and swearing, and still does neither. Also he testified to his brothers and sisters, the saving and keeping power of Jesus Christ. I still hear from Sam and he is still believing in his conversion and trying to live the best possible Christian life.

A Single-Handed Cruise. At Rigolet, on my first trip out of Hamilton Inlet, Sam fell sick and I left him there and proceeded alone out to Indian Harbour, a distance of over eighty miles and very dangerous, as there are innumerable shoals and scores of islands. After weighing anchor at Rigolet I hoisted the sails and started on what was an

absolutely new trip to me, with only a compass as guide and information from natives about the whereabouts of Indian Harbour. I sailed all day with not very much wind and eleven p.m., found me still on my way going through channels between islands. Every five or ten minutes I would cast the sounding lead until I got a depth of about eight fathoms and decided to anchor. I went down to the galley after tying up safely everything on deck, and began to cook what was my first meal for the day. After a good meal of duck and potatoes I turned in for a sleep.

A Storm Blows Up. At 2.30 a.m. I was awakened by the rolling of the boat. Scrambling on deck, I saw that a terrible breeze was blowing from the south-east and I was anchored on a lee coast. I waited anxious moments until daylight to size up the situation. Here was I on a lee coast, with about a fifty-mile gale blowing right down upon me.

The boat was tugging furiously to snap her chains, while the huge waves would break over her bow. It was apparent that I must get out of this place as quickly as possible, because, like David of old, I had not tried out the fighting harness of this old boat.

Breaking Out the Anchor. Going to the engine-room I got my engine in readiness, hoisted my driving sail and weighed my small anchor. When I began to weigh the larger one it was a different matter. It was caught under a huge stone or else

was so deeply imbedded in the sea bottom that I could not break it from its holding with my one-man strength on an old "Noah" type windlass. (Thanks to contributions from some people at Carbonear, Nfld., we have a much better windlass now.) So after weighing in the chain as much as it would come I started the engine, rushed up to the wheel, and started the boat going around and around. After doing this for about twenty minutes the anchor burst from its holdings, and with a little difficulty I succeeded in pulling it up on the bow and began beating out of "Big Bight" of Black Island, which I afterward learned was where I had been.

At eleven a.m., I dropped anchor in Indian Harbour, and going down to the fo'castle I offered to God a prayer of thanks for guidance and providential care.

When I told the people that I came out from Rigolet alone for the first time, they wondered how I had missed all the shoals and hidden rocks along that coast at night. When one has had other similar experiences it strengthens belief in a Supreme Ruler and Providential Guide.

On my return trip I brought back with me to Rigolet a Frenchman from Three Rivers, Quebec. M. Fournier, who had been mining forgold in Pottle's Bay, and I believe is still searching and hoping to find some in the wonderful rivers and streams of Labrador.

The Little Church Crowded Out. While out on the coast, I visited many of the fishing stations



THE WINTER MAIL, PORT LEAMINGTON, NFLD.



STUDENT PASTOR GILLARD ON BOWSPRIT OF THE "GLAD TIDINGS" AT NORTH-WEST RIVER, HAMILTON INLET LABRADOR



SEAL HUNTING, OFF NEWFOUNDLAND



THE "GLAD TIDINGS" IN HAMILTON INLET
LABRADOR

bordering on the Atlantic. These Newfoundland fishermen were very glad to have me walk in while they were working at the fish. My summer congregations were an inspiration to me, fishermen would come in their motor-boats for miles around to the Sunday services.

At Indian Harbour the crowds were so great that our little church was too small. So we had open-air services. Dr. Paddon, of the Grenfell Association, would always take some part in the service, the Association having a summer hospital at Indian Harbour. To listen to the singing of such old-time hymns as "There is a Fountain" or "Draw Me Nearer" by these rough, good-hearted fishermen was enough to make one feel that it was no wonder that Christ was drawn to the fishermen on the shores of Galilee, and also that he was standing among us, commanding us to "cast the net on the right side" and draw in of spiritual fish.

The "Glad Tidings" Earns Her Name. While going up and down the coast of Labrador the experiences and opportunities of the missionary with the *Glad Tidings* were many and varied, from the taking of a man and daughter, who had burned themselves badly, to the Grenfell Hospital, a distance of fifty or sixty miles, or taking along a man who had blood-poisoning, these and many other things are the joys and duties of a missionary and the proof that the *Glad Tidings* is really earning her name by loving deeds and faithful service. The *Glad Tidings*

is now over twenty years old and a new boat with more modern equipment than the old one should be secured.

My return trip almost proved fatal to both the boat and myself.

A Dangerous Trip. Leaving North-West River on a beautiful afternoon for Kenimish, I encountered one of the worst storms in the month of October, a north-east gale. I had hoped to make Kenimish before nightfall, but owing to the current out of Goose Bay from the Grand River I was gradually being forced out towards the south-east point of the Bay along which were numerous hidden reefs. My first trouble came when the main throat halyards on my mainsail burst. Tying the wheel I lowered the mainsail, put a double-reef in it, brought the boat up to the wind, climbed up the mainmast and reroved the main throat halyards. It was now after dark. Then I hoisted the sail and started again on my course across the bay. The next trouble was the bursting of my flying-jib, and before I could get forward to pull it in it had gone completely. I realized that I was drifting towards the south side quite fast and I tacked and made a reach towards North-West River. Then my driving sail boom broke and in a few minutes that sail was torn to shreds. Now I had only my mainsail (double-reefed) and jumbo, as my engine was not working well owing to water in the oil which got stirred up with the rolling of the boat. It was now

about midnight, everything was in darkness except for the bright sparkles of spray as the boat plunged through the foaming water. I had to hold to my wheel and try to make either Kenimoo or Kenimish. I had forgotten, while fixing my sails, that I was gradually being driven towards a hidden reef of rocks about two miles from land.

Aground on a Reef. Suddenly I felt the boat give a shiver, as she hit once, twice, three times, and heeled out on her side. The impact threw me down through the companionway into the engine-room. Hurrying up I realized that I was on one of the Kenimish shoals and that the waves were breaking over the boat and pounding her on the rocks. I had a small row-boat on deck and this boat was my only hope, but to launch it into such a sea was madness. I tried to get the boat more securely fastened to the deck by ropes. I then went down into the hold to see if water was coming in. There was quite a bit and in an hour she was about half full and the hull was not rocking to and fro so much with the force of the waves. Sitting down in the companionway, I eagerly waited for daylight. How the darkness seemed to cling and the minutes dragged so slowly!

At daybreak I saw my true position two miles from shore upon a reef of rocks, no help nearer than eight or ten miles.

Efforts at Release. The wind calmed down about eight o'clock. I launched my little boat, rowed to

the nearest point of land, cut a huge log about ten or twelve feet long and bored it with holes ten inches apart, so as to make a Spanish windlass in order to try and get the boat off. All my efforts were in vain. I put a flag upside down as a distress signal in the rigging, hoping to be seen by the Hudson's Bay Company or Revillion Frères at North-West River or by the McLeans of Kenimish.

At 5.30 p.m., the McLeans came, took all my belongings and loose things out, but I myself would not leave the boat, as long as she was above water. They tried to persuade me, but I persisted and stayed and slept on board. There was no wind that night so there were no waves and a lake has no ground swell as the ocean has. Next morning the McLeans came out in their little motorboat with cables and anchors, and eight of us tried to pull her off but it was of no avail. They went back, but I remained. As soon as they had gone I took all the cables and lines which we had put out during the day while trying to pull the boat off and fastened them all to the bow of the boat, setting them tight with the Spanish windlass.

That night a breeze of wind from the north-west turned her around by the strain of the cables which were fastened on the bow, and the next morning Fournier, who came out to see what was happening, rowed over to the boat, waited for an opportunity for the waves to quieten, and threw me a line from his boat.

Off Again! With the aid of his boat and as the *Glad Tidings* would rise with every wave, I would tighten the lines with the windlass, and noon saw the *Glad Tidings* off the shoal, but badly bruised and with two holes through the bottom under the fly-wheel of the engine, which I filled with old sacking, put into my oiled clothing, in order to allow us to pump out some of the water. Two booms were gone and the iron rudder broken off completely. With the help of the mainsail and by towing we got into Kenimish, where we put her on the sands. Three days later, under her own engine power and with a false rudder which I rigged, I took her into Grand Village, after being gone about three months, and pulled her up on the dock for the winter.

At Work Again. In the following spring, with the aid of three natives and Fournier, who was a great carpenter and shipwright, the *Glad Tidings* was repaired in good style and fitted out for that summer's work. Fournier and I made a new iron rudder in the forge of Revillion Frères, who supplied the coal necessary and also the iron for the new rudder free of cost. In my second summer's work around the coast in the *Glad Tidings*, although I did not have such experiences as being on shoals, yet there were some very trying trips and some very helpful to many of the Labrador people. I trust that the day will soon come when Labrador with all its possibilities of lumber, mines and water power will

be opened up and the people not only given a chance to earn a decent wage but also to be helped to greater Gospel privileges in the name of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

A WINTER CRUISE ON SLED AND SNOWSHOE

BY ARTHUR MEWS, C.M.G.

St. John's, Newfoundland

During the summer time the missionary in Labrador, of course, goes round in a boat, but in the winter time by dogs and komatik, and we will take a short trip that way. The missionary is at Paradise in the southern extremity. His mission extends from Paradise in the south up to Rigoulette, 125 miles, up Grand Lake forty miles, and from Rigoulette out to the coast about fifty miles—about 340 miles altogether.

In Winter Rig. He clothes himself at Paradise with sealskins, moccasins, sleeping bag and so on. In the top of the sleeping bag there is a hole just sufficient for him to crawl in, and then when he is in, he draws the flap over so that very little of the face is exposed, and thus in the coldest weather and the stormiest night he can sleep in the open without fear of death. Then he gets the komatik, a sled of two runners; he packs his food, for while the people are hospitable they are poor, and he has to take

provisions with him, the sleeping bag and other impedimenta, and finally the food for the dogs. A team may be of nine or seven, usually an uneven number, and they harness them by rope to the sled, two and two, with the leading dog at the head. The driver is Charlie Flowers, who with his whip can hit the ear of the foremost dog, twenty-two feet away from him.

Away We Go. Charlie cracks the whip and away they go. The travelling is fine, the air is crisp, it is invigorating, and the missionary, on his first trip, enjoys it to the full. He comes to the first place. You see the people in Labrador are trappers; my house is here, my land extends right to my neighbour's boundary, and that may be two miles or four miles, or five or ten miles away, the farther the better for me, the more I will trap, the more I will get for food: so you see when I settle here I do not want a neighbour within ten miles of me, and so, going along, the missionary has to stay at my house. I am a United Church man, and he has to give me a service, that is what he is here for, and though it be but one family, he cannot overlook me. So we start off and we go to Dovebrook and, as it happens, we find a Canadian, a Mr. Scott, who is carrying on business there, and he puts us up and we sleep in a bed for the first time in some months. Mrs. Scott has a harmonium; it is the only music we find on our trip, and the service held is a very pleasant and profitable one.

Good Times in Paradise. I may say that in Paradise, where he has been staying for a month, the missionary has had services, twelve young people have been brought to Christ, and the Church has been quickened. Then, going on, we come to Goose Cove. We go into the place; there are two families; we have a service, and while the service is going on, a dog gnaws the trace, and escapes. We have to go on with eight dogs only. We have to sleep in the kitchen in many places because there is but one room; in some there may be two or three, but usually you have to sleep on the floor in the kitchen, and it is essential, therefore, that you have a sleeping bag.

A Labrador Welcome. We go on next to Valley's Bight, and as we near we find the usual welcome in Labrador from the dogs; as soon as they know another team is coming they get ready to give us a welcome, and then the drivers must go at it with the whip and voice to get quiet out of that uproar. At Valley's Bight there lives Bill Sheppard, quite a character. We are there for four days, held by a storm, and Bill regales us with his stories.

The storm of four days had made travelling hard; we find the going is very difficult because the snow is not crusted, and we sink through. The missionary has to put his snowshoes on and go ahead of the team, while Charlie Flowers comes along and helps the dogs. It is a pretty hard road, it is a very cold day, and in the middle of it the guide says,

"Why, minister, your neck is frozen." The minister puts his hand up and he finds his neck as hard as a rock. Charlie, with snow, soon brings the blood to the surface again. These are the incidents that happen on the journey.

No, Not Lonely. We arrive at Lowlands, where there are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blackie and five children, nobody else; the nearest place is twenty miles away and we find Mr. Blackie has gone to Grand Lake to attend to his traps. "Are you not lonely, Mrs. Blackie?" "No, not lonely, not lonely." And the people are not lonely. Why, you know, there was one place where there were three families settled, and the missionary found that two others had come in, and when he visited there he spoke to the old settler and he said, "It must be more pleasant for you now to have these other two families come, it gives more company," and the fellow looked glum and he said, "Too much company."

Sleeping in a Snow Bank. We start again the next morning, and it is twenty-two miles to Pearl River. The snow has come down and after a time we have lost the trail. The day goes on, and it draws towards evening and we are not near Pearl River. There is nothing for it but to camp out for the night, and so we leave the dogs harnessed, we give them their feed and settle them away. We get the snowshoes, and in the banks of snow we scoop out a hollow, and into it we put our sleeping bags.

We gather some boughs, light a fire, boil water, have some tea and eat that which we have brought with us, and then, committing our souls to the care of God, we creep into our sleeping bags, draw over the flaps and go to rest. There was a case of a man who had been travelling hard all day who was really tired out at night, and so tired that he had to be put in his sleeping bag, and a couple of dogs put in with him and left. A storm came on that night and continued the next day, and forty-eight hours after he was put there, that man came out safe and sound. At Pearl River we find two families, who have not been visited by a minister for three years, two children unbaptized. We go on to North River. The dogs smell a seal two miles off and make for it—just one of the incidents of the trip. That is Labrador.

Out of Poverty—Liberality. An incident in Newfoundland. It is a little place down by the water. The men go out upon these waters for the bread which perisheth and go to their church for the bread of life which endureth. A call comes to them. They have had help from the Mission Board, but to ease the burden the minister comes forward and says, "I will not want the \$1,500 the Discipline gives me; I will take \$1,100; can you do it? They say, "Yes, we will," and they come forward and they give of their penury, five dollars from a man who has earned seventeen dollars, eight dollars from other men, and they rejoice that they can free the

Mission Board from the burden which has been upon them.

A Winter Tragedy. Another town on the north-east coast of the island. A minister there, Rev. W. G. Mercer, with three stations, has come to say good-bye and he must go home. A storm begins; the people say, "Won't you wait?" He says, "I cannot wait, my wife is expecting me." So he sets out. The wind whistles, the cold becomes greater, the snow lashes his face, blinding him, numbing his senses and catching his breath, but home is not far, he will soon be there. The wind comes on with greater force and whirls him around, he is in the vortex, and it numbs him, makes him colder and blinds his sight. Still he stumbles on, but he falls to his knees. "That is better; I will soon be home; I am so tired;" and there, on the morrow, they find him, only a mile from home!

IN A FEBRUARY STORM OFF NEWFOUNDLAND

BY A UNITED CHURCH MISSIONARY

Early on a cold Saturday morning in the month of February I arrived at Rose Blanche, where I hoped to catch the *Glencoe* for Grand Bruit. I found, however, to my disappointment, that the *Glencoe* had just left for Channell, having considered it too stormy to make the trip the previous night.

On further enquiry I discovered that there were

two boats which were just waiting a chance to leave for Grand Bruit. As I was very anxious to get to Grand Bruit for Sunday I got my luggage on board of one of them. These people had come to Rose Blanche for provisions and their boats were deeply loaded.

About nine o'clock the storm began to abate and very soon the two boats, each under double reefed mainsail and jumbo, sailed out of the harbour. After we had rounded Rose Blanche Point we found that the other boat had gone in to Petites, concluding that the wind was too high for them to proceed. We were too late in discovering this to follow their example and were obliged to run on before the wind. By the time we had got to West Point the wind had changed a little and was gradually increasing. It was now from the north. The frost was very keen, and our little craft began to struggle beneath us. We were now crossing La Poile Bay and the seas began to clean up her deck, one or two going down into the forecastle and putting our fire out. The boat was beginning to look like an iceberg. Somehow or other the crew got the mainsail down, and we went, with only the jumbo hoisted, at the mercy of the sea. One of our men took an axe and smashed out the bulwarks in order to get some of the water off her deck. We carried a little engine and the captain ordered it to be started with the hope that we might be able to work into a small shelter called Frenchman's Cove. The engine began to "thud, thud"; but its power was nothing

compared to the fury of the storm. It was of little, if any, use.

We beat it out until we were off Frenchman's Cove, but in spite of our efforts we were unable to get in. So there we were with the great Atlantic to the south and a freezing hurricane driving upon us. There was one more chance, other than simply running before the gale. The captain decided to take it, and this time we were successful. After seeing our jumbo stay carried away and ourselves well drenched with the cold brine, by the mercy of God we dropped two anchors in a little cove by the side of a great cliff, where we remained in partial shelter until the storm abated.

In the late evening the wind fell and we set sail, and though the storm sprang up again and gave us another good washing, in the course of the night we reached Grand Bruit in safety.

"TO THE UTTERMOST"

CONCLUSION, BY THE AUTHOR, G. C. F. PRINGLE

So the work goes on. Every missionary and every boat is continually busy, the whole year round, serving every way and to the utmost in the name of Christ. Ministers, members, and adherents, in self-supporting churches, it is your backing and generosity that have made it possible for us so to serve. Dare we ask you to do more? We need additional boats, and resources, and men. The

territory is vast and the tasks make heavy demands upon the strength and fortitude of your missionaries. We pray to God that somehow it may be made possible that the Marine Mission of our United Church shall be developed until not a person dwelling in loneliness along these coasts, logger, settler, or fisherman; man, woman, or child; white, black, or yellow, shall be without the regular ministrations of a servant of Christ.

" But once I pass this way,
And then—no more.
But once—and then, the Silent Door
Swings on its hinges,—
Opens . . . closes,—
And, no more.
I pass this way,
So while I may,
With all my might,
I will essay,
Sweet comfort and delight,
To all I meet upon this Pilgrim Way.
For no man travels twice
The Great Highway,
That climbs through Darkness up to Light,—
Through Night
To Day."

APPENDIX

OUR UNITED CHURCH NAVY

The list of our United Church navy bearing the message of the Gospel and our messengers, both on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, as far as known to *The United Church Record* is as follows:

Thomas Crosby, Queen Charlotte, B.C., Rev. R. C. Scott, B.A., Captain William Oliver.

Edward White, Cape Mudge, B.C., Rev. G. B. Ridland.

Broadcaster, Port Alberni, B.C., Rev. C. E. Motte.

William Oliver, Alert Bay, B.C., Rev. S. V. H. Redman.

Sky Pilot, Vananda, B.C., Rev. Geo. C. F. Pringle.

Sunbeam III, Skeena River, B.C., connected with Port Simpson General Hospital, Dr. R. G. Large.

Emergency Hospital, a houseboat stationed at North Pacific, B.C., during the fishing season.

Kla-quaek, connected with Bella Bella Hospital, Dr. G. E. Darby, B.A.

Glad Tidings, Hamilton Inlet, Labrador, another boat at Red Bay and a score or more on the shores of Newfoundland.

A Mosquito Fleet of dories, dinghies and many canoes.

With this fleet on the Pacific Coast are connected six hospitals: Hazelton, B.C., Rev. H. C. Wrinch, D.D., M.B.; Port Simpson, B.C., Dr. R. Geddes Large, M.B., with Port Essington Branch open during the summer and the "Emergency Hospital" at North Pacific, B.C., during the fishing season; Bella Bella and, in summer, Rivers Inlet, Dr. Darby; Bella Coola, Dr. E. A. Campbell.

SUGGESTED TOPICS

See programmes pp. 167-174 and suggestions for leaders p. 175-176.

For study in prayer meetings, Young People's Societies, Sunday School groups, or Colloquia.

1. The Author, the Land, and the People.
2. Missionaries and their Fields.
3. The Methodist Marine Missions from the days of Dug-outs to Steamers and Launches.
4. Presbyterian Pioneers and The Loggers' Mission.
5. A Trip with R. C. Scott around Queen Charlotte Islands.
6. The *William Oliver* and Its Missionaries.
7. The *Broadcaster* on the West Coast.
8. Ten Days with Dr. Pringle on the *Sky Pilot*.
9. An Evening of telling "Yarns."
10. Missionary Boats and Medical Missions.
11. Our Marine Mission on the Atlantic Coast.
12. Looking Forward:
 - a. What qualifications and preparations do you consider necessary in order to become a missionary of our Marine Mission?
 - b. What contribution is our Marine Mission making to Nation Building and International Friendships?
 - c. How may our group help in supplying books for the travelling libraries?
 - d. How may our group share in the support of the Marine Mission?*

*Letters from Missionaries and information regarding special support will be sent on application.

TWELVE OUTLINE PROGRAMMES

PROGRAMME I

THE AUTHOR, THE LAND, AND THE PEOPLE

Based on the Introduction, the Foreword, and Chapter 1

Hymn: "A Call for Loyal Soldiers Comes to One and All."

Prayer: By three members. For the members of the study group; for the work of our Marine Missions; for a vision of service.

Solo or Duet: "Whoever Receiveth the Crucified One."

The Author: Dr. George C. F. Pringle. See "Introduction" and "Foreword," also page 36 as to his call, early days on the mission and the securing of the *Sky Pilot*.

Scripture Reading: Phil. 1: 1-14.

Hymn: "I love to tell the story."

The Land: Chapter 1, pages 1-4. (Make use of map of British Columbia to show coast line—see Analytical Index—and locations mentioned.)

Hymn or Quartette: "The Heavens Declare Thy Glory, Lord."

The People: Chapter 1, pages 4-11. Use blackboard to list different nationalities and types of people, together with their occupations. Discuss their educational qualification and opportunities; attitude towards religion; their hardships and difficulties in establishing homes; their temptations; the necessity for true Christian friends; why our Church should establish missions among people who remove themselves from Church influences.

Hymn: "Throw Out the Life Line."

Closing Prayer.

PROGRAMME II

MISSIONARIES AND THEIR FIELDS

Chapter 2

Make and use enlargements of maps printed in this chapter

Hymn: "Eternal Father, Strong to Save."

Scripture Reading: Eph. 6: 1-20.

Prayer: For the helpers on the mission boats.

Map Talk: Queen Charlotte Islands.
Alert Bay.
West coast of Vancouver Island.
Cape Mudge.

The Sky Pilot and Dr. Pringle.

Quartette: "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

Discuss: The choice of location of these missions; types of men who serve as missionaries; style of boats employed and why larger boats not adopted; what constitutes mission work.

Prayer: For our sailor missionaries.

Hymn: "Break Thou the Bread of Life."

Closing.

PROGRAMME III

THE METHODIST MARINE MISSIONS FROM THE DAYS OF DUGOUTS TO STEAMERS AND LAUNCHES

Chapter 3 (Pages 20-28)

Hymn: "As With Gladness Men of Old."

Prayer.

Thomas Crosby and William Oliver: Present as a dialogue in which Crosby tells of his call, his work, and need of a steamer; while William Oliver tells of his conversion and submits his offer to build the *Glad Tidings*.

Scripture Reading: Psalm 77: 13-20.

Hymn: "O God of Bethel, by Whose Hand."

The Glad Tidings, its Captain and Mission Work.

Quartette: "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning."

What made it possible to build the Udall (Indian word meaning the dearest thing I possess)? The *Homespun*? The *Thomas Crosby*? Why have gasoline launches been substituted for steam-boats?

Hymn: "Disciples of Jesus, Why Stand Ye Here Idle?"

Closing Prayer: Thanksgiving for the pioneers; for the foundations laid; for the results secured.

PROGRAMME IV

PRESBYTERIAN PIONEERS AND THE LOGGERS'
MISSION

Chapter 3 (Pages 28-39)

Hymn: "A Better Day Is Coming."**Prayer.****Scripture Reading:** Phil. 2: 5-11.**Rev. W. J. Kidd:** Trail Blazer. Describe conditions he found in camps—work, booze, loneliness and monotony; methods of travel (dugouts and canoes); dangers; kindnesses received.**Outfitting the Psyche.** Replaced by *Naiad*.**Hymn:** "Lord, If at Thy Command."**Sketch Briefly the Work of:** George A. Wilson; D. F. Smith, M. F. Monroe; Alexander MacAulay; Mr. Burgess; Dr. James Wallace; Dr. George Pringle (See Programme 1). Use Analytical Index for reference and write list on blackboard.**Prayer:** For the missionaries of our Marine Mission and their work.**Hymn:** "The Morning Light Is Breaking."**Developing Indian Missions on West Coast of Vancouver Island:** MacDonald; Mr. and Mrs. Swartout.**Mr. and Mrs. Motte with the Broadcaster.****Hymn:** "He Liveth Long Who Liveth Well."**Closing Prayer.**

PROGRAMME V

A TRIP WITH R. C. SCOTT AROUND QUEEN
CHARLOTTE ISLANDS

Chapter 4 (Pages 41-55)

Hymn: "In the Harvest Field there is Work to Do."**Queen Charlotte Islands:** See One Hundred Years of Canadian Methodist Missions re Hydahs and missions listed in Analytical Index.**Prayer:** For the Indians, the white settlers, and all on the Islands who are leading Christian lives.**Scripture Reading:** Psalm 72: 1-19.**Hymn:** "There are Lonely Hearts to Cherish."

Travelogue: By R. C. Scott (impersonated). Scattered settlements; visiting the canneries; salmon trolling; lonely lighthouses; in times of need. (Make use of map and of any pictures of scenery, industries or people procurable.)

Hymn: "Lift Up the Gospel Banner."

Prayer.

PROGRAMME VI

THE WILLIAM OLIVER AND ITS MISSIONARIES Chapter 4 (Pages 56-62; 70-74)

Hymn: "A Charge to Keep I Have."

Mr. Colwell: Learning to operate a motor launch. Some of his parishioners.

Prayer: For the people living and for the missionaries working in lonely, dangerous places.

Hymn: "All the Way My Saviour Leads Me."

Scripture Reading: Romans 10: 6-21.

A Ministry to Lonely People: (Pages 60-62; 70-74). Discuss—The need of missionary work; why people continue to live in these isolated places; could radio broadcasting be used for such missionary work? Would the Missionary Society be justified in arranging for the installation of radios? Could the same results be expected from "listening in" as from direct preaching?

Duet: "Far Out on the Desolate Billow."

Prayer: That we may be faithful in giving our sympathetic support through money, prayer and study for those who need it.

Closing.

PROGRAMME VII

THE BROADCASTER ON THE WEST COAST Chapter 4 (Pages 62-70)

Hymn: "From all that dwell below the skies."

Prayer.

Scripture Reading: Psalm 65.

"The Graveyard of the Pacific": Explain why this term is aptly used and why a mission boat is needed in these waters.

Hymn: "Go Labor On, Spend and Be Spent."

Work Among the Children: How is it carried on? Can you suggest any better methods? If one generation of Canadian children were all good or all bad what would be the result?

Prayer: For the children in the scattered settlements and all who are interested in work in their behalf.

Hymn: "When Mothers of Salem Their Children Brought to Jesus."

"Come Over and Help Us": Make this the basis of an appeal for more missionary workers and for their support, showing results that prove the work worth while.

Hymn: "Hark! The Voice of Jesus Calling."

Closing.

PROGRAMME VIII

TEN DAYS WITH DR. PRINGLE ON THE SKY PILOT

Chapter 4 (Pages 74-95)

Hymn: "O Master, When Thou Callest."

Map Talk: Show the extent of Dr. Pringle's field and explain his methods of helping the people. Discuss how our prayers can strengthen Dr. Pringle's work. What must be the results of true prayer?

Prayer: For Dr. Pringle and his work.

Scripture Reading: Isa. 61: 1-9.

Hymn: "From Every Stormy Wind That Blows."

A Visit to a Logging Camp: (Pages 77-81).

What is Religion? (Pages 81-85).

Prayer: For the men and women of the Pacific Coast who do not know God as their Saviour and Friend.

Hymn: "When Storms Around Are Sweeping."

People We Meet: (Pages 85-90).

Some Adventures of a Trip: (Pages 90-95).

Hymn: "My Faith Looks Up to Thee."

Closing.

PROGRAMME IX

TELLING "YARNS"

Chapter 5 (Pages, 96-117; 128-133)

Recitation: Psalm 29.

Hymn: "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me."

Prayer: For the missionaries of our Marine Mission.

Yarns: Arrange a competition in telling the "yarns," appoint a committee of judges, and award a prize to the member who tells his "yarn" in the most effective manner.

"The Sky Pilot and the Skookumchuck."

"A Fire at Sea."

"The Fellows Felt They Needed It."

"In the Logging Camps of British Columbia."

"Christ, our Light Keeper" and "All in a Day's Work."

Hymn: "Take My Life and Let it Be."

Silent Prayer of Consecration.

Closing.

PROGRAMME X

MISSIONARY BOATS AND MEDICAL MISSIONS

Chapter 5 (Pages 118-128; 134-142)

Hymn: "At Even, Ere the Sun was Set."

Recitation: "The Healer."

Prayer: For the sick in body and sick in soul; for doctors, nurses and all those caring for the sick, particularly our missionary doctors on the Pacific coast.

Scripture Reading: Mark 7: 24-37.

Rough Trips in the Leila: Tell the story by Dr. Sager of work in a hospital mission.

Hymn: "You May Help a Load to Lighten."

"In Floating Houses" and "On Board the Kla-Quaek": The story of Dr. Darby's work.

"The Sunbeam on Stormy Waters": Lights and shadows in hospital work, told by Dr. R. Geddes Large.

Dr. Klinck's Story of "A Light in the Window": Show how this is typical of all forms of Marine Mission work.

Prayer: That the people of the United Church may loyally support our missionaries and mission work.

Discuss: Why should the United Church provide hospital equipment and doctors to help employees of companies making good profits in logging camps, fisheries, etc., and able to care for their own men if they will. What is the ultimate purpose of all such missionary work carried on by our Church? Would it be better to confine the missionary work of the Church to direct evangelistic efforts? Show the results secured from our mission hospitals. (See *One Hundred Years of Canadian Methodist Missions.*)

Hymn: "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning."

Closing Prayer.

THE HEALER

The paths of pain are thine. Go forth
With patience, trust, and hope;
The sufferings of a sin-sick earth
Shall give thee ample scope.

Beside the unveiled mysteries
Of life and death go stand,
With guarded lips and reverent eyes
And pure of heart and hand.

So shalt thou be with power endued
From Him who went about
The Syrian hillsides doing good,
And casting demons out.

That Good Physician liveth yet
Thy friend and guide to be;
The Healer by Gennesaret
Shall sail the rounds with thee.
—J. G. Whittier.

PROGRAMME XI

OUR MARINE MISSION ON THE ATLANTIC COAST

Chapter 6

Hymn: "God Kindly Keepeth Those He Loves."
"Lift Up the Gospel Banner."

Prayer: For the people of Labrador and Newfoundland mission.

Map Talk: The coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador and their people.

Scripture Reading: Psalm 42.

"**A Summer Voyage with the Glad Tidings**": Tell the story of Mr. Gillard's work and some of his experiences.

Hymn: "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me."

Missionary Work in Winter and Some of the Difficulties:
Clothing; methods of travel; encouragements; outdoor life; liberality; sacrifices.

Solo: "I Gave My Life for Thee."

Storms: Have told the story of the United Church missionary. Discuss whether such risks are wise or necessary. Does God protect under all conditions?

"To the Uttermost": Does this explain the willingness of men and women to work under the conditions described.

Hymn: "All for Jesus! All for Jesus!"

Silent Prayer of Consecration.

Closing.

PROGRAMME XII LOOKING FORWARD

Hymn: "Just as I am, Thine Own to Be."

Prayer.

Scripture Reading: Matt. 10: 5-42.

Discuss: What qualifications and preparation you consider necessary for missionaries in our Marine Mission? If you were a member of the Board of Home Missions what would you ask and expect of an applicant for marine missionary work? Would you select the same type of man for the Atlantic as for the Pacific mission? With all other qualifications, what one thing is essential?

Hymn: "True Hearted, Whole Hearted, Faithful and Loyal."

What contribution is our Marine Mission making to nation building and to international friendships?

What is the true basis of nation building? What is the true basis of international friendships? Does Canada gain or lose by accepting settlers from all countries? What regulations govern obtaining citizenship in Canada? How does our Church help in preparing men for citizenship? If men of other nationalities are led to Christ through our Marine Missions, what reflex influence may result on their friends in their homelands? Is Canada really a Christian country? Why? If not, what changes are necessary?

Hymn: "Lord of the Lands, make Canada Thine Own."

How may our group help in supplying books for travelling libraries? Ask half a dozen members to prepare suggestions.

How may our group share in the support of the Marine Missions?*

Hymn: "Ye Hosts of Christians, Young and Strong."

Prayer: Thanksgiving for opportunities to study, serve and give.

Closing.

*Write F. C. Stephenson, Secretary Young People's Missionary Education, 299 Queen St. West, Toronto 2, Ontario, for information regarding special support.

SUGGESTIONS FOR LEADERS

Maps: Use a map of British Columbia.

Make enlarged copies of the five outline maps found in "In Great Waters." (An ordinary cotton sheet and charcoal crayons will supply material.) Make use of these maps with each programme to show the extent of a mission field and the difficulties because of coast line. A competition in making maps (to be exhibited) adds interest. A prize—a copy of "In Great Waters"—may be given to the member whose map is judged the best.

Text Book: Each member of the study group should own a copy of "In Great Waters."

References: "Up and Down the North Pacific Coast" by Thomas Crosby. (Out of print, but to be found in many private and Sunday School libraries.)

"One Hundred Years of Canadian Methodist Missions," by Mrs. F. C. Stephenson. Paper, 75 cents, cloth, \$1.00. "The Presbyterian Church in Canada," by Dr. J. T. McNeill, Cloth, \$1.00.

Files of *The United Church Record and Missionary Review*, and of *The Missionary Monthly*. Watch church papers for news items.

Leaders: Secure leaders for the meetings well in advance so that there may be time for thorough preparation. The success of each programme depends upon thorough preparation.

***Lantern Slides:** May be rented, showing the work of the Marine Mission made from photographs some of which were used in illustrating "In Great Waters."

*Write to F. C. Stephenson, secretary of Young People's Missionary Education, 299 Queen St. West, Toronto 2, Ont.

Programmes: Programmes may be rearranged to suit local conditions and study groups. Hymns, scripture reading, prayers, and assignments to those taking special part in the programmes should be arranged by the Missionary Committee and leaders of study groups. Every item should be considered important and necessitating special preparation.

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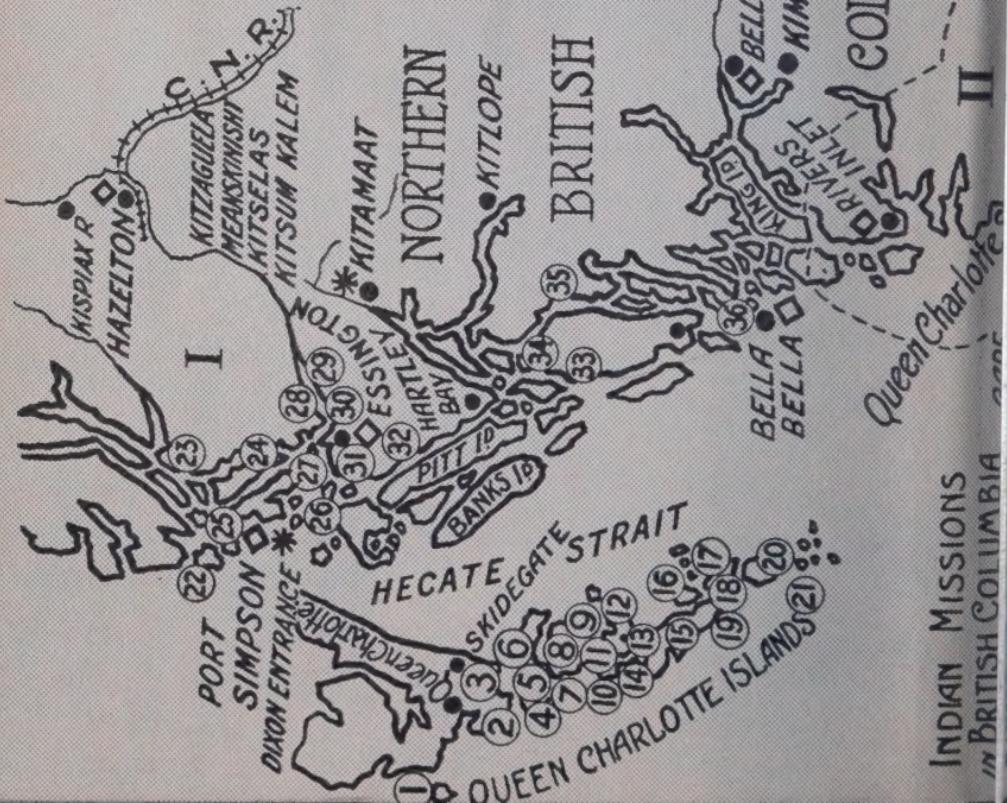
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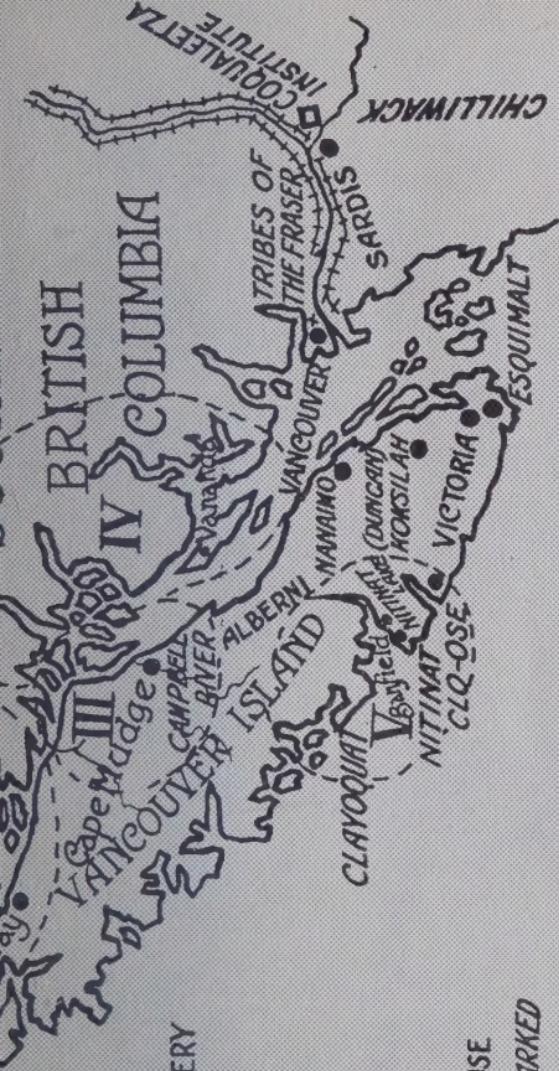
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